

Sports Illustrated

JANUARY 10, 1966

35 CENTS

THE PACKERS ARE THE CHAMPS

In the mud of Green Bay, Jim Taylor barges through the Browns



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PLAYERS		LOCATION	BROADCAST DATE
Roberto de Vicentis	Tony Leila	Corfeta Golf Club (Greece)	Jan. 8
Mike Souchak	Chircho Rodriguez	Club de Golf de Panama (Panama)	Jan. 15
Marlene Stuart	Wardyma Smith	Edo Golf Club (Hawaii)	Jan. 22
Bill Casper	Doug Sanders	Brookline Country Club (U.S.A.)	Jan. 29
Bruce Davlin	Charles Sifford	Royal Selangor Golf Club (Malaysia)	Feb. 5
George Knudson	Gene Lister	Royal Orleans Golf Club (Canada)	Feb. 12
Kenneth Betts	Bobby Nichols	Club de Campo (Spain)	Feb. 19
Sam Snead	Jimmy Demarest	Air Force Academy (U.S.A.)	Feb. 26
George Wall	Dave Marr	Twickenham Golf Course (Scotland)	Mar. 5
Ben Auld	Dow Finsterwald	Valley Golf Club (Philippines)	Mar. 12
Chen Chung Po	Tammy Jacobs	Barako Country Club (Kenya)	Mar. 19



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WEEK

ARNOLD PALMER set out to regain his lost eminence, millions of dollars are at stake and a year of big changes portends as the 1966 pro golf tour gets under way in Los Angeles.

THE OUT ISLANDS of the Bahamas are in. Lu! Smith describes this new Polynesia of the Atlantic and Howell Canani photographs a colorful wardrobe for resorting there.

DARWIN DICK Bartlett has joined the Knickerbockers of pro basketball, crowning a dreary Madison Square Garden with his wit, his distinctive style of play and sharp appeal.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Sports Illustrated ®

Garry Ball

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As shown by a list of names to your right, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is served by a variety of staff writers, writer-reporters, reporters, special contributors and special correspondents. At the end of the 16th line under the "special correspondent" category is the entry: *Kansas City, Theodore O'Leary*. This modest billing understates the value both of a type of man—the so-called "stranger," or resident correspondent—and a particular man, named Ted O'Leary.

In the six years that O'Leary has worked for us, he has had only five bylines, but his touch has seldom been absent from the magazine. At the moment he is extremely—if invisibly—busy helping provide the reports and evaluations that make Basketball's Week (page 60) one of our most closely read features. This digest depends for its quality on such journalists as O'Leary, a soft-spoken Phi Beta Kappa and former basketball coach who covers a large area of the Midwest for us.

By inclination and trade, O'Leary is also a reader of books, thousands of them. At last casual count, there were 20,000 volumes in his house, and he has written reviews of close to 3,000 of them since 1934 for the *Kansas City Star*, plus hundreds of feature articles for the *Star's* editorial page.

Ted's affection and concern for the written word come naturally enough. His father taught literature and writing

for 40 years at the University of Kansas. There, too, he developed his love of sport. "I started going to see Kansas teams play in 1915 when I was 5," he says, "and have hardly missed a Kansas home football game since—until SPORTS ILLUSTRATED started sending me other places some Saturdays."

Understandably, O'Leary chose to attend Kansas, where he concentrated on basketball under Phog Allen, an old family friend. "In my senior year," O'Leary recalls, "I was All-Conference co-captain, tied for the conference scoring championship with the stupendous average of 11 points a game and was selected to *College Humor* magazine's All-America team. This was one of the first All-Americans to be picked, and the magazine spoke of me as 'big and fast.' I was barely 6 feet and weighed 163 pounds. Maybe I was fast."

Ted was fast enough to set the still-standing record of 10.2 for the 100-yard dash at Lawrence High in 1928, and he excelled in every other sport he tried. He took up tennis in his sophomore year at Kansas, made the varsity and has been one of the best players around Kansas City ever since. The same year Phog Allen had taught O'Leary how to play handball, for a special reason. Whenever Phog suspected one of his players of having a beer out of season, he would invite the culprit down to the handball court and proceed to run him ragged. Eventually O'Leary ruined Allen's plot by whipping his coach. Then he went on to win 16 Missouri Valley championships.

After Kansas, Ted coached basketball at George Washington University for two years (record: 26-9), before turning to newspaper work. With this background, it is not surprising that he brings a rare touch to sportswriting. Among his articles for us was the memorable piece on Stan Musial's final swing around the National League before retirement. It was a story that could easily have been tainted by sentimentality. O'Leary, however, brought it off neatly, exactly and without a sob.



O'LEARY WITH WIFE ON LAST TOUR

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GREAT BOOKS





Ford's Quiet Man recently toured Europe, visiting the owners of some of the world's most expensive luxury cars and demonstrating to them the remarkable quiet and quality of the 1966 Ford.

Ford's Quiet Man reports from England:

"What, your Ford quieter than my Jaguar? Not jolly likely!" said Rob Walker...but then he drove the Ford.



British auto sportsman R. R. C. Walker has had a life-long devotion to fine machinery. Obviously he knows something about cars...but one thing he didn't know was how quiet the '66 Ford is.

Naturally he was skeptical when Ford's Quiet Men, touring Europe, suggested he might find a competition between a Ford LTD and Walker's own Mark 10 Jaguar surprising. They met at Stockton House, Wiltshire, the Walker family's classic Elizabethan manor. Walker drove both cars, very



Special 360 V-8 with 300-hp. 88-91 by Ford.



precisely and thoughtfully. Then he said: "This is really astonishing...I believe this Ford of yours really is quieter. Astonishing! Let's try them again."

No wonder "Rob" Walker was astonished; his hand-finished Jaguar is one of the world's great individual cars...and its original price was about twice that of the Ford. And he knows that quiet is the hallmark of quality in cars. Ford's quiet quality is the result of great basic strength and sound over-all engineering, the Quiet Man explained, plus refinements like recessive front wheels that tend to take the thump out of bumps by flexing just a trifle horizontally.

There were a great many other things about the LTD to intrigue the British auto sportsman—the new Stereo Tape System that puts the realism of three-dimensional sound inside the car, the ultra-luxurious upholstery, the velvety ride, the precise handling, the V-6 power.

And there's all this and a lot more to intrigue you. Your local Ford Dealer would be delighted to have you quiet-test a '66 LTD by Ford. Chances are you'll say "astounding" too.



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Don McIntyre (on the left) bought this 31' Chris-Craft new three years ago for \$13,750. He got a great buy.

Dick Groth (on the right) just bought it for \$11,000. He got a great buy too.



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SCORECARD

NEW YEAR'S LONG SHOT

The extraordinary events of New Year's Day, when the three top-ranked college teams, all undefeated, went down one after the other, raised the question of how much a fan might have won had he bet in the morning that fourth-rated Alabama would be No. 1 before the day was over. Gamblers give points rather than odds on football games, but a mathematician who knows both worked out the probabilities. Assuming Alabama to be even money against third-ranked Nebraska, he made Louisiana State a 2½-to-1 underdog against second-ranked Arkansas and UCLA a 3-to-1 long shot against Michigan State. "These are conservative figures," he said. "Others would make it 4 to 1 against LSU, 5 to 1 against UCLA." Anyway, a \$10 parlay at the conservative odds would have returned \$280 and at the longer odds \$600. If you could have found a bookie to take such a bet.

SURFING SEABEES

Even war cannot douse the enthusiasm of California surfers. Three members of a Port Huene naval construction battalion have won permission to take their surfboards to Vietnam. During time off from helping to build a Marine base, they plan to try out the waves near Chu Lai.

WILL CLAY FIGHT TERRELL

Rumors that Cassius Clay would next fight Ernie Terrell for the heavyweight championship have been flying pretty thick since Clay's last defense of the title against Floyd Patterson. Because of the underworld connections Terrell is said to have through his adviser, the shadowy Bernie Glickman, there is strong sentiment in many quarters against such a fight being held. Arthur Grafton, legal adviser to Clay's Louisville Sponsoring Group, held last week that such objections would disappear when, and if, Terrell is cleared to fight Clay.

"It's not our job to check out Terrell," explained Grafton. "If a reputable boxing commission, such as the one in New York or California, will approve Terrell,

we will accept the commission's say-so that he is free of the underworld."

It is not exactly as though Clay and Grafton had a horde of challengers to choose from. At the moment, there is nobody else worthwhile for Clay to fight. And the future is confusing. The draft board may reconsider its earlier rejection of Cassius and put him in uniform. It also happens that the Louisville group's contract with Clay expires in October. All of which seems to point to an early match with Terrell.

"Still," said Grafton, "it's pretty hard to talk business with a man who is suing you for \$1½ million." Terrell slapped the suit on Clay and practically everyone else connected with the fight last spring when Clay was billed in Lewiston, Me. (where he fought Sonny Liston) as the "heavyweight champion." Terrell claims he was the heavyweight champion at that time by virtue of the fact that the World Boxing Association, those masters of confusion, said he was. Once this semantic matter is disposed of, Grafton indicated, Clay and Terrell can work something out about fighting.

Our hope is that the public will not allow any of the principals to adopt an elastic view of what constitutes a "reputable boxing commission."

RED'S CIGAR

Basketball Coach Red Auerbach, who annoys enemy spectators by lighting a cigar when he feels his Boston Celtics have a game won, is getting his this season—especially in Philadelphia, where the 76ers have now beaten their old tormentors twice. It has become the fashion with Philadelphia fans to pepper Auerbach with cigars whenever the 76ers get a big lead. And when Wilt Chamberlain went over Bill Russell for a stuff shot the other night some wit brought down the house by flinging an unopened can of beer. The beer missed, but a cigar (lighted) caught Red in the forehead.

This kind of crowd behavior is disgracing both professional and college basketball more and more, and the NBA and NCAA should put a stop to it be-

fore players and coaches are seriously injured. Granted, basketball spectators are so close to the action that it is easy to give vent to partisan passion. Still, stands can be policed, rowdies can be thrown out, home-town fanatics can be warned that games will be forfeited for poor sportsmanship. The sport deserves decent demeanor from its enthusiasts.

As for Auerbach, whose displays of temper toward officials we have often deplored, we are sorry he was hit by the cigar, but he's lucky it wasn't the beer can.

WESTWARD HO

Heisman Trophy winner Mike Garrett of Southern California surprised a lot of people last week when he signed a pro-football contract with the Kansas City Chiefs of the American Football League instead of his home-town Los Angeles Rams of the NFL. But Mike may be playing with a Los Angeles club after all. The AFL greatly desires to reestablish a franchise in Los Angeles and, at about the same time Garrett was signing with the Chiefs, Kansas City Owner Lamar Hunt was in southern California conferring with Walter O'Malley, proprietor of Dodger Stadium. It wouldn't take much to prepare the stadium for football, nor to move the Chiefs to Los Angeles.

STORM KING VICTORY

All too often, fishermen have been on the losing side in conservation fights. But last week fishermen and conservationists won a tremendous upset victory. A Federal Court of Appeals in New York threw out the Federal Power Commission's licensing of a Consolidated Edison hydroelectric plant at Storm King Mountain on the Hudson River.

Angry fishermen, who had been shut out of the FPC hearings, insisted that the proposed plant would decimate the river's shad and striped bass, and conservationists protested against the uglification of the scenic and historic mountain near West Point (SI, April 26, 1965). United as the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, the conservationists and fishermen went before the Court of Appeals to present their case, and the three-man court unanimously ruled for them on all points at issue. To get a license now—unless it appeals successfully to the U.S. Supreme Court—Con Ed must start all over again, and with the public in the area aroused to a pitch, the

continued

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SCORECARD continued

company's chances of having its way are slim indeed.

If there is a lesson in all this, it is that concerned fishermen, conservationists and just plain citizens not only can "fight city hall"—they can beat city hall. The Storm King decision is a marvelous way to begin the New Year.

HOT ICE

William M. Jennings, president of the New York Rangers of the National Hockey League, tries to camouflage the ineptness of his fifth-place hockey team with intemperate outbursts of his own. Several weeks ago Jennings declared he would bar Goal Judge Arthur Reicher from the Garden after the official made a controversial decision against the Rangers. The league intervened, naturally, and Reicher officiated at the next game. Now Jennings has put a "bounty" (amount undeclared) on the head of tempestuous Boston Bruin Defenseman Teddy Green, who last week speared Phil Goyette of the Rangers during a game in which Green accumulated 36 minutes of penalties.

"I think Boston has wild animals on its team," said Jennings. "When bears run wild in Maine the state declares a bounty for shooting the bears. I declare a bounty on Green."

All this verbiage, of course, practically guarantees a sellout at the next Bruin-Ranger game in New York. What if one of the Rangers does get Green? Said a Boston fan: "We'll sue."

NEW LOOK

Any pro football fan can tell you that the game is much more than knocking heads. All you have to do is take a peek at one of those pregame television shows. It's those little vignettes—you know, the muted locker-room noises, a big defensive tackle practicing such alltime favorite maneuvers as the forearm smash, the coaches huddled around the board-of-directors table discussing the virtues of the zig-in as opposed to the oblique-out. It's intimate. It's vicious. It's intellectual. It's pure pizzaz, but it is also good showmanship and with it pro football has left the baseball people standing around looking at plaques in Cooperstown.

It is too bad, perhaps, that a good game must resort to showbiz to sell itself, but there is something fascinating about well-done sidebar shows. It also is a fact that fans nowadays are too so-



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pampered to get excited when Willie Mays, great as he is, tells an announcer that all pitchers are tough but that eventually he is going to get his pitch.

Baseball should take a page from football's book right now. When spring training starts in six weeks, TV crews should be there and ready to film Mays going this way and that way and the other way for fly ball after fly ball, to catch in slow motion Whitey Ford's pick-off move to first base, to show Maury Wills watching a pitcher through a sequence of deliveries for the one telltale sign he needs to tell himself when to steal.

It means throwing away all that splendid footage of Warren Giles and Joe Cronin beaming at politicians, but that's a sacrifice baseball will have to make.

BEAUTY AND THE BALDER DASH

The busiest young style-setter on the Stanford campus is Patrick John Anthony Morrison, 19, of Manor Park, London. Patrick John Anthony is at Palo Alto to take art classes and to indulge his creative talents, which include painting, drawing, playing the harmonica, writing, running and growing hair. The studies are considered distinctly tertiary, and even running—although Morrison is the British champion at 200 meters, with times of 21.1 for 220 around a curve and 9.6 for 100 yards—is decidedly secondary. Morrison's hair is definitely his best point. It is blond, wavy and approaching shoulder length.

Stanford's track team is already being described as Goldlocks and the 65 Indians, but Morrison says, "My hair style is the accepted thing in my circle in England. Of course, I have no thought of trimming it, and I don't believe the wind resistance will hurt my time."

Morrison gets to test his wind resistance this Saturday in the *Examiner* invitational indoor meet at San Francisco against Darrell Newman, who is bald.

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Van Breda Kolff, who coached Bill Bradley at Princeton last year, asked to appraise the star player on an opposing team: "I guess I don't think anybody is good now. Maybe Bradley spoiled me."

- Amos Johnson, heavyweight fighter, when told it had taken him 14 seconds to get back in the ring after Ray Staples had knocked him through the ropes in a fight at Akron: "Was that too long?" **END**



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And on...



And on...



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JAPAN AIR LINES



A COOL MASTERPIECE

The Packers won the pro championship—a triumph meticulously executed by experienced players who wanted to prove something to themselves, Cleveland and the Green Bay management by **TEX MAULE**

Playing through their home-town snow, sleet and slush like a herd of happy polar bears, the strangely wonderful Green Bay Packers righted a year of perverse fortunes and unexpected woes last Sunday by winning the National Football League championship from the Cleveland Browns 23-12. The victory was achieved with masterly ease—about the only thing that had come easy for the Packers this season—and the way it was fashioned stood as proof that by the test of survival Green Bay is not only the best but the smartest team in football. The win gave the Packers their ninth NFL title, and it may have been their most rewarding. It was a display of studied execution and relentless craft by a smart quarterback and a group of longtime friends who were determined to show that though age might slow a man down, emotion can speed him up.

Football is an emotional game, and perhaps because of the strain of their season the Packers were emotionally better prepared than the talented Browns. Consider their respective fullbacks, Jim Taylor and Jim Brown, who turned out to be the key players in the game. Physically, Taylor is no match for Brown. Emotionally, Brown is no match for Taylor.

After the game someone asked Taylor if he was aware of Brown. "I'm always aware of Brown," Taylor said. "When we meet head to head, I want to do better than he does. I think about it. Sure, I think about Brown. I want to be the best."

In the curiously placid Cleveland dressing room, Jim Brown, his face impassive as always, answered differently. "Do I think about Taylor? No, I don't. I

think about the defense. It would be ridiculous to think about Taylor, wouldn't it?"

Although it might not have been ridiculous if Brown had mounded a personal vendetta and had concentrated on showing up his stumpy Green Bay counterpart, he never really got the chance. A year ago, against the overconfident Baltimore Colts, Brown had a fine day running wide outside a drawn-in Baltimore defense. This time, on a field less conducive to the sweep and cutback because it was soft and often slippery, he had some early success, but none at all in the crucial third and fourth quarters, when the Packers smothered Cleveland like the snow. The Green Bay defense, called from the sideline by Phil Bengtson, the defensive coach, and implemented by Middle Linebacker Ray Nitschke, read the Brown sweeps as though Nitschke were a party to their huddles.

"We knew when they came out in the double-wing set, with only Brown back and John Brewer and Emie Green to the strong side, they would sweep to the strong side," End Willie Davis said. "So we flew out of there to turn Brown in. If we could turn him in, then he would run into Nitschke or the corner linebacker or the safety coming up."

"We knew from watching pictures of the game in Cleveland last year that Brown hurts you most on the sweeps when he cuts in and takes an alley just inside your corner back," Phil Bengtson said. "Either that or he makes his cut inside and then swings outside and he's gone. We wanted to make sure he couldn't cut into that alley."

In the first quarter and sporadically during *continued*

A doubtful starter almost until kickoff, Bart Starr threw a touchdown pass in the first quarter and kept the Browns' defenses scattered with authoritative play calls.





the second, Brown did break loose to the outside. But, by and large, the Green Bay philosophy of defense worked well, and Brown, the best running back in football, was neutralized. He wound up with a skanky 50 yards gained running.

At the same time, in spite of the sloppy going, Paul Hornung was able to cut and twist in his own distinctive fashion for 105 yards, and Taylor (see cover) came up with about the best game of his career, running straight over the Browns' line and even his own mired-down blockers while gaining 96 yards. This effective running, spiced with just enough Starr passing, gave the Packers essential control of the first half and genuine domination of the second, when they outscored the Browns 10-0 and held the ball for 38 of 56 plays.

It was fundamental football—not crude, but fundamental—and it followed the game plan that the intense Packer coach, Vincent Lombardi, had set forth four days before. Never mind that the plan was made when the weather was perfect, because neither four inches of snow nor 40 would have changed it.

Even had the Browns been able to cope with Mr. Lombardi and his fundamentals, there was something else they could have done nothing about. It just happened that a number of the Packer veterans had made up their minds to disprove the idea that they were ready for enforced retirement. Fuzzy Thurston, playing his eighth year in the NFL, had this obsession, and so did Tackle Forrest Gregg, playing his ninth year, and Guard Jerry Kramer, who was ending his eighth season. Jim Taylor had to be remembering that Green Bay was supposed to have just paid \$450,000 to sign Illinois All-America Fullback Jim Grabowski, and Hornung was not forgetting the \$600,000 that reportedly led All-America Halfback Donny Anderson to join the Packers just two days before. The old men were mad.

Before the game Kramer walked across the Packer dressing room to where Hornung lay on the floor, his head pillowed among the shoes and assorted debris of his locker.

"Hey, Goat," Kramer said. "Jim just offered me two wheels and the steering wheel if he wins the car for being the game's most valuable player. What have you got to offer?"

"I have to think about it," Hornung said to his best blocker. "Maybe I don't need you."

"Don't think too long," someone else said. "What you think is going to happen when you come out on the power sweep and Jerry is in front and he's got a big part of Jim's car?"

"We're not very healthy," Vince Lombardi said, but even this inveterate warrior was smiling. "These guys are players and they'll play. They accept pain and they accept adversity."

Taylor had a pulled groin muscle, Starr ignored the ache in raising his right arm and completed 10 of 18 passes. Hornung had a twisted knee, bruised ribs and

a sprained wrist, but he played as well as he had in his 1962 Golden Boy season. After the game Fuzzy Thurston, his nose bleeding a little at the bridge, said what everyone felt about Hornung.

"Him and Taylor are great money players. You got it all going, you want them in there. I can't think any other ballplayers could do what they did out there today. But Paul's got a little extra. He comes back in the huddle, he tells Bart what kind of defense they're in, how they're covering him, what he can do. And maybe two, three times a year, when you need someone to give you a lift, someone to make you a great ball club, not just a good one, he says something that picks you up that far. He did it today."

Hornung did it in the third period. The Packers had taken the ball on their 10-yard line and had moved it, steadily and slowly, as per game plan, out to their own 46, where it was second down and two. The Packer offensive line was rooting out the Cleveland tackles, and Starr's calls were precise and intelligent. But the Packers were ahead only 13-12, and none of them felt sure of victory. They were playing well, but they were also a little worried.

"We thought we were the best club," Thurston said. Fuzzy is a squat, immensely strong man with enormous confidence. "I thought we were. But I wasn't sure. And to beat a good ball club like Cleveland you've got to be sure. So Paul came back to the huddle and he said, 'Hey, this is 1962 again.' And all at once you could feel everybody in the huddle come up. All at once we didn't just think we could win. We knew damn well we would win."

On the next play Taylor, his green-and-gold uniform daubed with gray mud, sliced outside a fine block by Jerry Kramer on Dick Modzelewski and gained eight yards and a first down. Then Starr threw to Taylor for 10 more and another first down.

Now Starr used a play which had been set up in the first half, a run to the strong side of the Green Bay offense. In the first half Cleveland had been very much aware of the efficacy of the Green Bay running attack with Taylor or Hornung coming back to the weak side—the side with the spread end wide and no tight end.

"We wanted to make them aware," Starr said after the game. "We wanted them to overshift to the weak side, and they did, a little. Their defense played a fine game, but we created the right climate in their defensive thinking, and it was time to take advantage of it."

So now Starr faked Taylor to the weak side and handed the ball to Hornung, who rumbled for 20 yards and a first down on the Cleveland 15-yard line. With second down and eight yards to go on the Cleveland 13, Starr outguessed Cleveland again by coming back to that weak side. Hornung took a handoff from Starr and started to his left. Jerry Kramer, running with the surprising speed he has for his size, led Hornung around the corner. Forrest Gregg shifted over from right tackle and put a crushing block on the Cleveland corner back.

Hornung turned upfield, shifted his route slightly,

Merless on defense, the Packers imprison Fullback Jim Brown in a thicket of arms (above) and dump Cleveland's Frank Ryan to the ground by the seat of his pants (below).

continued

THREE KICKS THAT COST THE BROWNS



Braving for fumbled snapback, Cleveland's Leo Grace chased an ineffective conversation try with pass to holder Bobby Franklin.



Penalty on Ralph Smith (41) for roughing punter Don Chandler (34) ends Brown hopes. Below, Chandler watches third field goal.



and Kramer, leading the play, wiped out Walter Beach and another Cleveland defender along the sideline to let Hornung go in for the touchdown that insured the Green Bay victory.

Soon the champion Packers, who on this dark, snowy day had returned to their golden years, were back in their dressing room.

"Hey," Taylor (duly elected the game's most valuable player) said to Kramer. "How do I split up this car? You get the hood. Fuzz gets the trunk. But that ain't right. I got to figure out some way to cut this car into 11 pieces. Everybody ought to get a chunk."

Because Taylor plays on the offensive team, he made an excusable mental error. The car would have to be divided into 22 parts—and more. The offensive and defensive units deserve their shares, and who would deny a full share to bald, 31-year-old Don Chandler? He punted well, scored 11 points on three field goals and two extra points, and broke the Browns' last hope by getting himself roughed while attempting a fourth-quarter punt, the resulting penalty giving the ball back to the Packers. ("First time in five years my uniform has been dirty," Chandler said.)

On defense—and the Packers got into this championship game on defense—there were as many heroes as there were on offense, but the most unexpected was Bob Jeter, a quick, chunky corner back who replaced Doug Hart when Hart injured his foot. Jeter had the unenviable chore of covering the Browns' superstar end, Paul Warfield.

"Man, I was very nervous," Jeter said. "My stomach was upset. And they didn't waste any time testing me. They sent Warfield down right away on a deep sideline pattern. But I knew he was coming, and I went back with him." Jeter moved to the sideline with Warfield, leaped high in the air, batted the ball away and was home free.

"After that I knew I could take him," he said. "But I also had to think about Brown on sweeps." In this even more important assignment, he performed nobly.

"I had to come up against Brown," he said. "You have to be brave to be the first man to hit Brown. But I had to do it, and the funny thing, it didn't hurt so much."

Lombardi and Kramer and all the rest of the Packers looked tired in the dressing room after the game. They had given all of themselves to winning.

"This is the best win I ever had," Lombardi said. "It came so hard, all year long. Everything was hard. The season. The playoff. Everything. I never worked so hard in my life for anything."

"I wasn't old enough in 1961 and 1962," Kramer said. "I didn't know how much it meant." He embraced Taylor and said, almost with tears in his eyes, "Toad, baby, I wouldn't trade you for Grabowski."

"Hell, he couldn't even wear your number," Thurston said, one old pro to another.

END

Muddled and fired, Dick Modzelewski personifies Browns' dejection in last moments as the Packer offense ground ahead.



THE HAWK IS A MIGHTY HUNTER

Back in Philadelphia and in their favorite aeris, the rapacious birds of St. Joseph's, feathered and otherwise, made easy prey of visitors and neighbors to keep the Quaker City title in home-town hands by FRANK DEFORD



Cholly Wieners cuts a flapping figure eight.

Already the fans were screaming. "We want the Hawk," when Cholly Wieners, feathers preened, came out of the St. Joseph's locker room before the game and began doing jumping jacks to warm up. A priest came over to Cholly—everybody in Philadelphia says Cholly for Charlie—and gave him the clenched fist. This was a big game coming up, the finals of the Quaker City Tournament in the Palestra. "Do your stuff, Cholly," the priest exhorted. "Thank you, Father," Cholly said, and he went back to the jumping jacks. Cholly is a big man on campus at St. Joe's. He is vice-president of the student body, a member of the Jesuit Honor Society and he has his credentials listed in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*.

But what makes Cholly Wieners is that Cholly is the Hawk, the St. Joseph's Hawk, feathered and sequined (left). He dresses with the team and travels with it, and right now, doing his jumping jacks, he was waiting for the team to join him in the combat of the night against undefeated Temple.

"We want the Hawk! We want the Hawk!" came the screams. The cheerleaders were distributing red and white streamers and helium balloons of all colors. "We can't buy just red and white balloons," one of them said sadly. "The only way they sell balloons is in all the colors." Cholly tensed. He can't see too well out of the beak of his costume, and he must run figure eights all over the court all night. He also must flap at all times. "If you don't flap all the time you have the suit on," Cholly said, flapping.

"then you're just not a good Hawk."

The din grew, the Temple people doing a pretty good job of making noise themselves. Then the Owls came out on the court. A touch of bedlam acknowledged that. And then—first a false alarm, but finally for real—the door to the St. Joe's locker room opened, and Cholly started to move, and those drums got louder, and the yelling swelled. Yelling? This is the way Hollywood would do Armageddon. Here was Cholly, cutting the figure eights, flapping. And along came the other Hawks, the taller, leaner ones than Cholly. After them the deluge.

The streamers came down, the balloons went up and, oh, all those drums. And the chants, the songs, St. Joe's rooters are always in unison, their thunderous tattoo is homogeneous. The students stand through most of every game; they bring dates only to what they call "poverty games," which are against Penn or someone like that.

Like its rooters, the St. Joe's team operates as a unit, and neither the team nor the fans were ever better than on this memorable evening. The Hawks had been almost cruel in handling Niagara and Minnesota on the way to the finals, but in beating their old downtown rival Temple 97-65 they played with such devastating precision and verve that their coaches, Dr. Jack Ramsay, needed two dishes of smelling salts before he could join in the presentation ceremonies after the game. Minutes later, in the intimacy of the locker room, where his deep emotions could no longer be fettered, Ramsay cried helplessly. Although



Matt Guokas Jr., tournament MVP, breaks away for one of many easy layups to roof of Temple.

HERB SCHRIFFMAN

he tried hard, he was hardly more composed when the press moved in.

Somehow, Cholly Wieners, out of the heavy, clinging Hawk suit and down to his skivvies, ended up backed into the corner where Ramsay was being interviewed. Embarrassed, Cholly finally was able to break his way through the mob to go back for a while just to being vice-president of the student body. Outside, the rolling choruses of "Glory, glory, oh, the Hawk will never die" began to crash in over Ramsay's words. St. Joe's students mass outside the locker room after each game singing and shouting, until each of their heroes presses through them to receive his own salute.

This St. Joseph's fanatism, even in the context of the general hysteria of the other Philadelphia Big Five schools, is an amazing thing. A La Salle alumnus, writing an article on St. Joe's in the *Greater Philadelphia magazine*, tried to explain it. "It is unquestionably the most self-consciously vibrant college in the area, and the pride its students take in it has so long been a part of the Philadelphia scene that it hardly needs elaboration. St. Joe's is, simply," the La Salle man wrote, giving up as everyone must, "a school with spirit."

While such admiration from opponents is universal, most rivals also maintain a saving smugness that hints a St. Joe's man is really rather like the amiable old town drunk. "Cheering is fine," says one athletic official of another Big Five school, who cannot be identified lest he be vilified by a series of the traditional banners in future games, "but most kids are too sophisticated now for the way they carry on."

St. Joe's men have learned to live with the community's evaluation of them as minor delinquents. On Christmas Eve, Al Guokas, an alumnus and the uncle of St. Joe's All-America Matt Guokas Jr., was serenaded at his home by carolers chanting, "The Hawk must die." His wife prevailed upon him to accept the visitors in the spirit of the season, so Al gamely invited the troupe inside, where they all managed a casual transition from "The Hawk must die" to *The Twelve Days of Christmas*.

continued

Though St. Joe's has only 1,700 undergraduates, 20% of the doctors and dentists in Philadelphia are St. Joe's men, and so are 16% of the Philadelphia lawyers. "But," says William Whelan, the school's public-information head, "what we really turn out are great insurance salesmen. When you've got a gung-ho St. Joe's man selling insurance you've got a guy who won't let go." St. Joe's even gives one scholarship a year to a debater, but there are no figures to show whether scholarship winners have gone on to become insurance men or lawyers.

Since virtually the entire student body comes from Philadelphia, most of the kids know—indeed they eagerly anticipate—what they are getting into, and within a week the whole freshman class is an integrated part of the campus frenzy. But some of St. Joe's officials are beginning to have doubts about this. "We have a commitment to help educate young people," says the dean of admissions, Father James Moore, "and if we want to give them a good education, we must expose them to a greater diversity."

A good many people who read the box scores think the ball club also could profit from greater familiarity with diverse backgrounds. The Hawks have never been famous for their road successes, and this year, in their only significant tests away from the comforting intimacy of the Palestra, they were upset by Brigham Young and Wyoming. Regrouping at home, Ramsay replaced Forward Marty Ford (who had shot 4 for 26 on the trip) with Chuck McKenna and prepared the team to defend its Quaker City title. BYU and St. Joe's were in different brackets, so the Hawks appeared to have a good chance for revenge in the finals, too.

La Salle, however, also has been known to win a few games at the Palestra and, though the Explorers had a 2-4 record and lots of sophomores, they buckled down and played a curious new disciplined offense to beat Brigham Young 71-69 in the opening round. La Salle Coach Joe Heyer, 27 and barely a month on the job, figured a control game was his only chance against the Cougars' height and shooting. The rare times when his charges picked up the faster BYU tempo, Heyer quickly signaled for a time-out and cooled the Explorers off. It was an excellent coaching victory for Heyer to throw at critics, who have said

that he is too young to control a college team. Obviously, he can discipline his players as well as himself, for besides coaching the varsity, he also handles the freshmen, teaches high school and is studying (at St. Joe's) for his master's.

"This is the worst thing that could ever happen to you," Ken Loeffler, an old La Salle coach, bellowed at Heyer. "Now you'll stay in coaching for 30 years." Heyer, even more youthful-looking than his years in his tab collar and checked jacket, smiled and said he was already quite aware of the pitfalls of the profession. Before the BYU win he had lost three games by a total of four points—and two nights later La Salle lost to Temple in overtime.

For numerologists who study the mysteries of comparative scores, Niagara was one of the teams that, earlier, had beaten La Salle by a point. La Salle edged BYU by two. BYU had beaten St. Joe's by 20. Ergo, Niagara should beat St. Joe's by 23. Final score: 95-72. Beautiful! Only it was St. Joe's that won by 23. Back to the charts.)

La Salle played slowdown against Temple too, but after a last-second shot by the Explorers fell short the bigger Owls finally wore down La Salle in overtime. Temple has two tough big men up front—Jim Williams and Ken Morgan—and this year there is a guard, Mike Kehoe, to get the ball in to them. Poor ball handling killed the Owls last year.

Temple Coach Harry Litwack has to scramble for his talent, hemmed in as he is by his school's rising academic standards and all those Catholic colleges. He recruits his boys over hamburgers at Mike's Broad-Tower, a fading-green-and-off-white eatery that, says Mike, "replaced a big wall and some steps where the kids used to play cards." Now it, too, is ready to go, for Temple is in the midst of a massive campus-building program. It has just become a state-affiliated school, a fact that the St. Joe's banner-bearers could hardly wait to comment upon. No socialists, the Hawks first unfurled, 500 GREEN STAMPS—ONE YEAR'S TUITION AT TEMPLE. And then, YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN THAT AID TONIGHT.

The second slur, anyway, was true. As they had done the night before against Minnesota, the Hawks blew Temple out of the game almost before the St. Joe's students had time to rise from their seats. In both games Guard Billy Oake's long jumpers broke things open right at the

start, and then the other Hawks, one by one, got hot. Guokas, however, was invariably the leader. A truly smart ball-player, he had 28 assists in the three games and picked up most of his own points by breaking open off screens to take sample passes from teammates for unobstructed layups.

Temple had a considerable height advantage, St. Joe's being the only school extant that has a resident taller than its center. The Very Rev. William F. Maloney, S.J., is 6 feet 5, Cliff Anderson 6 feet 4. But Anderson can outjump Father Maloney, and most other people, too. Twisting and hanging, he managed 20 rebounds, and the Hawks actually outrebounded the taller Owls. Still there were times when St. Joe's—out of position and buffeted around—gave up as many as four shots in a row.

Shooting against the Hawks is never easy, however. The players not only are good defensively, but they make up that rare entity, a good defensive team. They back up each other beautifully, and that enables Guokas and Anderson, in particular, to dart all over, setting up a double-team or forcing a steal. Fifteen times in the first half Temple lost the ball in the forecourt before getting off a shot.

While St. Joe's played superb basketball, its victories were on its own turf and in a tournament that has never been won by any but a Philadelphia team. Quaker City Tournament visitors don't even get the famous option W. C. Fields suggested. They are dead end in Philadelphia. By the time the "welcoming" luncheon was held after the first round of play this year, four of the five guest teams already had been eliminated in one round. Nevertheless, Mayor James Tate was there to welcome the coaches to Philadelphia and to present them with little replicas of the Liberty Bell. Mayor Tate said he would be out to see the games the next night, but that he would be a little late because first he had to attend two wakes. Commiserating with the losers but taking cognizance of the fact that now they would have some time on their hands, the mayor suggested that the coaches get their boys together and go see the Liberty Bell "during this holiday season." He said they could do so without fear because "no matter what you may hear, Philadelphia has made its streets safe for our visitors."

But indoors, Mr. Mayor! Indoors, they are getting killed.

END



Hawk fans start cheering in the stands long before the game (above), and do not stop until every player has left the locker room afterward



DORCHESTER

QUINE PREPARATORY SCHOOL





PRICE'S HORSY PREP

The man made famous by a colt named Carry Back is now enrolling Thoroughbred students at his unique school in Florida, where the main campus is a training track but tuition ain't hay

Not so many years ago the traditionalists in Thoroughbred racing thought they could teach irreverent Jack Price a thing or two about training a racehorse named Carry Back. But Jack paid them no mind, managed the horse himself and ended up winning the Kentucky Derby and \$1,241,165 with his colt. Now Price has used his winnings and his experience to build an unprecedented training establishment in the lush limestone country around Ocala, Fla. Its full name is Dorchester Equine Preparatory School, and for \$3,600 Headmaster Price will tutor your Thoroughbred for 12 months, giving him more individual attention than a teen-ager gets at Groton—where, incidentally, tuition is \$2,300. Price believes in working with a colt from the time he is born instead of waiting a year and a half, when he would normally begin his regular training. 'You wouldn't neglect a boy until he was 14 and then expect him to shape up perfectly,' he says.

In his Headmaster's Study, Jack Price dictates monthly reports to be sent to the "parents" of each "student." Dorchester's files live in Regret Hall, and the colts, naturally, in Carry Back Hall.

Chief instructor Leonard Hale (far left) makes colts gallop four abreast before standing them in a row and riding through them in a series of figure eights to teach them patience and manners.



CONTINUED

PRICE'S PREP



Price got the idea for this uphill turf course when he took Carry Back to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in 1962. He named it, aptly, Petite Chantilly, after the magnificent French training grounds.

A camera on the ceiling keeps a minute-by-minute watch over a mare in foal in one of the four spacious stalls in the Maternity Ward. The image is relayed to the headruster's office by closed circuit television.



Florida's beneficent climate undoubtedly helps produce durable horses, but Dorchester Prep gives the weather an assist. Each student is under day-to-day observation by a team of specialists. Tuition covers bimonthly X rays, and reports sent to owners include a photograph, data on weight and height and complete blood analyses and parasite tests. Cardiograms are taken to spot heart defects before a colt is subjected to rigorous training. Much of the educating procedure is standard at other Thoroughbred farms, but there is one major difference: at Dorchester the students get their sunshine in the morning and train in the early afternoon, which, after all, is when they will race. At other farms they train at dawn and often spend 23 hours a day in their stalls. "You may not have a runner," says Jack Price, "but our method of training at Dorchester Prep must develop a sounder and better-educated racehorse."

Dorchester Equine Preparatory School

Orlando, Florida

Class Enrolls Until

After completing the 12-month Dorchester course and demonstrating their newly acquired skills, students receive their diplomas. Then proud owners and their friends join the Prices at a Graduation Day lunch.

Diploma

Presented to _____



At graduation ceremonies students are worked the "wrong" way around the training track to show their unusual versatility at changing leads on the turns. Even galloping at such close quarters all were well-mannered.





In his most trying year Lightweight Champion Carlos Ortiz wept when he won (above), nightclubbed when he lost and would have had no chance to do either but for the wiles of Honest Bill by **MARK KRAM**

CARLOS AND THE KING OF CON

Just look at him," whispered Frankie, a ferretlike, lonesome hunter from Everywhere. "I from the waist down he. . . ." He stopped for a moment. Yes, he seemed to be thinking, he should preface his critique. He should mention that Frankie Del Rios is a brilliant pedagogue of the sport of boxing, an apostle of Peter the Hermit in Hollywood, a historian of the occult blessed with a frightening gift of ESP, a Somebody. "As I was sayin'," he continued, his eyes following Carlos Ortiz in a training ring in San Juan, Puerto Rico, "look at him. He's had it! I had a fighter like him once. All the high life went to his legs. He ends up an seaman in Cleveland. There goes another iceman."

Two nights later in San Juan's Hiram Bithorn Stadium, Frankie, who was supposed to be hustling popcorn, was squatting like an African sculpture at ringside, his arms hugging his basket, his eyes expressing a private pain. After the ninth round, by which point it was obvious Ortiz would win, Frankie jumped to his feet, dropped his basket and faded like the shadow he is. He could not bear to look inside himself and see Nobody, could not bear to think that Ortiz was a Somebody still. Six more rounds and Carlos Ortiz, who had lost the lightweight championship of the world half a year before to Panama's Ismael Laguna, had won it back. But only a few knew how close Frankie had come to being right, how near Ortiz had come to stepping through the gate that leads to Frankie's world, one where everybody had been somewhere and had been something, with the emphasis on the *had been*. Nineteen-sixty-five had been a trying year for Ortiz, and if he caused a lot of the trials himself, that does not make him exactly unique among humankind.

For the year and a half preceding the San Juan bout in November, Ortiz had been a fighter who was 4 o'clock in the morning in his legs. He loathed the cruel, ascetic routine of pain, and he confused excess with living in the grand style. Now, after winning the title back, he sat alone in his eerily silent dressing room. His head was buried in his arms. Outside, the people were singing his name, but not even this could reach him.

Finally he stood up, his eyes red and wet, took a drink of brandy and said, "Excuse me, gentlemen. I was just think-

ing." Of what no one asked. His estranged wife? The bars he had leaned on? The inflating drink that came with the drinks? What it was to be a champion again? The sweet words fell on him and, smiling, he caught them without comment. He was a fighter once more. Or was he? Nobody could or can be sure, because nobody knows Carlos Ortiz—the fighter or the man.

Since winning the title from Joe Brown in Las Vegas in 1962, Ortiz has been the most active champion in boxing, but he remains an anonymous figure in this country, mainly because it has been four years since he last fought in Madison Square Garden. Until recently his manager, Honest Bill Daly, who is controversial and often accused of behavior befitting a boxing manager, has not been in rapport with the Garden. But if Ortiz' absence from New York constricted the exposure of his name it hardly bothered him financially. He and Daly went where the cash was: Tokyo, Manila, Rome, London, Milan, San Juan, Panama City, all the places where a lightweight champion is still an attraction. As a result, he made more money than any other champion, excluding the heavy-weight. "Yeah," says a friend, "but what still bugs him is that nobody knows his name." To this Ortiz says: "Who cares? I'm more of an international champion than anybody. I've been a damn good fighter."

His appraisal of himself is hardly exaggerated. Although he is only 5 feet 7, he is a big lightweight. His body is muscular, and his forearms are shaped like beer bottles. He is a sleek package of controlled fury and probably the most complete fighter around. His left hook is not as punishing as it should be, but his left jab is crisp and jolting, and on the inside his right hand to the kidney is cruel and constant. He can also lead and counter, a talent rarely seen these days. "On the ropes, in a corner, in the middle, he can do it all," says Daly. "He's a primitive—when he wants to be." This is what is visible of Ortiz the fighter. The part of him that throws or does not throw all of his splendid skills into motion is not so easily visible. "The body, the instincts are somehow there," said a Puerto Rican friend, "but the heart is not. The question is: How long can a body go without desire?"

Always in the literature of the ring, the fighter is a naive soul who is ravaged by men who slobber over cigars, have pugish eyes and gravy stains on their ties. Neither Ortiz nor Daly can be categorized so simply. Daly believes a fighter should just fight, not think. Daly will do the thinking and the talking, and if the fighter listens and is good enough and does not open (or close) nightclubs, chances are he will not end up a ragged ghost peddling odd triumphs in an arena lobby.

Ortiz, suppressing his innately rebellious nature, followed the maxims of the book of Daly reverently for a time. But now, at 29 and after 10 years in the ring, Ortiz feels he no longer needs boxing. The ritual of training bores him, and his body does not slip into condition as easily as it used to. Indeed, he finds it difficult to think of boxing any more, and when pressed to discuss it he sounds bored and matter-of-fact. He prefers to talk about the Tropicana, the immense and ornate nightclub he opened recently in The Bronx. He enjoys explaining the club's decor, its service and how he helped with the plans for its construction. He becomes quite annoyed when someone implies that maybe, just maybe, the place will be a warehouse in two years. "Look at the crowd," he says, moving through the tables, shaking

hands and smiling at the recognition: "Hey, champ!" "How you been, champ?" "Some place, champ." "This place is going great," he says, forgetting the day when once again there will be an "ex" in front of his name. He looks upon the club as an annuity. There is no doubt in his mind that his investment—\$77,000 an easily one that will guarantee his future, sparing him any ignominious end. He does not, he says, intend to become fodder for a nightclub comic or a setup for a hotfoot in some dirty gym. "Maybe he won't," says one boxing man, "but he sure as hell is giving it a good try." Ortiz smiles at such comments, and answers, "O K. But how come I'm the champion again?"

Ortiz knows how come. He knows that if he had been under any manager other than Bill Daly he would never have gotten that return bout with Laguna. He knows that Bill Daly is a big part of what happened in this strange year of Carlos Ortiz.

Daly is the last of the oldtime fight managers, and he moves in the style of Doc Kearns, which is to say he has the natural manner of a conspirator. He asks for the time of day the way Nero might ask for a match. He is not particularly fond of being called Honest Bill, a name given him many years ago because he used to begin every sentence with, "Now, let's be honest about this,"

continued



CARLOS IS THE TOASTMASTER, WITH HIS NIGHTCLUB STAFF AS COMRADES-IN-ARMS

or perhaps—as some claim—because he never stole a boxer. “Just call him The Square,” says Al Braverman, his aide. “He lives in the country.” But it does not matter what Daly is called. All you have to do is look at him and you can tell he is C. Lareeny Whipnade roaming the midway of the state fair, his head crowned with a top hat and his hand twirling a cane. Ah, yes, the Panamanians were made for Daly.

Honest Bill went to Panama last April with his Lavender Hill Mob of Ortiz, Braverman and Teddy Bentham. The plan was carefully laid out. Daly and Braverman, the troubleshooter, would see to it that the Panamanians did not try to steal the title for Laguna. Bentham, the always suspicious trainer, would be sure that Ortiz did not steal away into the night. All agreed that the fight would be an easy touch, especially in view of Daly’s master stroke. Somehow he had persuaded the Panamanians to allow him to bring his own referee and judge. This logical defensive ploy caused some outcry. “We couldn’t let ‘em just rob us of the title,” explained Daly. The Panamanians finally decided they would like to have something going for them, too. They asked that their doctor be given the authority to stop the fight. “No,” insisted Daly. “The referee will be the only one to stop the fight.” From then on all that Daly had to worry about was the victory celebration. This, too, he planned. At poolside the day after the fight there would be fresh pineapple drinks, rum punch and the sound of marimbas.

Daly was being quite himself, but Ortiz was not. He looked dull in training, and he snapped back at the emotional, insulting Panama mob that watched him work every day. Out of perversity he insisted that Daly go into training, too. When in Ortiz’s company Daly could not drink or smoke cigars. The ultimate imposition came one day at his hotel bar. While he and Ortiz were at a table Daly turned his head for a moment, and the fighter hid the bowls of peanuts and potato chips. “Hell, Carlos,” complained Daly. “I like peanuts.” Nevertheless, when Carlos was looking on, Daly adhered to his fighter’s requests. “I wanted to keep him happy,” said Bill. But Ortiz was hardly happy. “He was thinking of all that dough he’s got tied up in that nightclub,” said one of his aides. “That’s where he wanted to be.” Was he ready by the day of the fight? “Who

knows,” says the aide. “He had been a bad boy for a long time.”

This first Laguna-Ortiz fight is best remembered for the fact that not only was Laguna ready for Ortiz, so was the whole country of Panama. A bellicose crowd of 20,000 showed up. So, fortunately, did 300 National Guardsmen carrying guns, tear gas and nightsticks. Braverman remembers saying, “If it’s close and Carlos wins it, we’re done for.”

“Calm down, m’boy. It won’t be close,” Daly answered, and he was right. The fight was not close, because Laguna, with flashing hands and stunning speed, did everything but dump Ortiz in Daly’s lap. It soon seemed evident that Daly would leave Panama with ample loot—but no title. Or would he? The Panamanian judge ruled heavily for Laguna. Then the American judge—Daly’s judge—gave the fight to Ortiz. The fans started to rumble out of the stands. The Guardsmen restrained them. Frustrated, they booed for five minutes, and then became strangely quiet. The referee—Daly’s referee—was being encouraged to make his decision. Unmoved by a chance to display both loyalty and high valor, he decided instead on accuracy and discretion. He ruled that Laguna had won decisively. The crowd swept toward the ring. Most of them tried to climb into it, and the rest looked for the American judge, but he had been plucked from ringside by the secret police and moved from car to car until he was safely in his hotel room. Back in the dressing room, where the referee was throwing up, Ortiz answered the silence by saying, “So I lose a fight.” He then left quickly, without bothering to change his clothes.

Ortiz had made a lot of money in Panama, but it had cost him more than just the championship. The respect of the Puerto Ricans, which he had always had and which he valued greatly, was fading rapidly. “The people here,” said a San Juan reporter later, “were convinced that he had become an arrogant playboy.” The consensus in New York as well as Puerto Rico was that Ortiz was through. Ortiz reacted by running away. He split with his wife and went on a gambling spree. Daly did not hear from him for months. Then one day Ortiz called and asked Daly if he could possibly get a rematch with Laguna.

Convinced that once again Ortiz felt like fighting—“He could finally see himself becoming a street guy, a hum,” said

a friend—Daly flew to Panama. The Panamanians were understandably reluctant to deal with him again, but they made the mistake of letting him talk. Daly said something like, “Look, you guys have got the best fighter I’ve seen since Sugar Ray. Ortiz is through. He couldn’t beat my mother. He’s on the sauce again, and he’s blown all his money. He just wants a payday. It’ll be a cinch fight for Laguna.” The Panamanians grew more attentive as Daly continued with the kind of rhetoric that sells Brooklyn Bridges—or canals. Finally they told Daly they had signed to defend the title against Carlo Hernandez of Caracas in December. “That’s all right,” said Daly. “You can slip this one in. Hernandez is a tough. Ortiz would be a nice tune-up for Laguna. We’ll hold it in San Juan and you’ll make a million.” The Panamanians nodded, and then made their demands. They wanted \$40,000 before the fight and the right to name their own referee. “Sure, anything,” said Daly. “Just sign right here.” The Panamanians signed, but they apparently did not read the small print. The contract did indeed say that they could name the referee, but it also said that the Puerto Rican Boxing Commission was the ultimate judge of who would or would not referee. Pleased so far, Daly flew to San Juan to find a backer. He had no trouble. “I don’t care how much it costs,” said Peter Serrallas, the Don Q rum tycoon. “Just bring the title back to Puerto Rico.”

The fight was set for November 10, and Ortiz trained hard. He boxed 175 rounds, and he concentrated on following Daly’s strict instructions not to chase after his sparring partners, because he must not chase Laguna.

By the day of the fight Ortiz had only one major problem, his weight. He had ducked his shadow, Teddy Bentham, one night and gone to a restaurant for a bowl of fried rice. At 6 a.m. Daly, Bentham and Braverman paced Ortiz’ room while the fighter skipped rope in the bathroom, now a steam room because of the hot water running from the shower. An hour later Ortiz was still half a pound over, and so back to the bathroom he went. At the 9 a.m. weigh-in Daly was not confident that Ortiz would make the weight, and he decided to do something about it. Stationing Braverman—280 pounds wide—in back of him for cover, Daly took a position near the scales. When Ortiz stepped on the scales Daly reached



HONEST BILL DALY PROVED YOU CAN SELL SOME PANAMANIAN MORE THAN A CANAL

down with his right hand and tried to hoist Ortiz slightly up by his behind. The Panamanians caught him, and they screamed in disbelief. Daly retreated. Ortiz, without Daly's help, finally did make the weight, but Bill lost a few pounds in the process.

Between Ortiz and the Panamanians, who were suddenly again mystifying that they be allowed to use their own referee, Daly was unnerved, a rare condition for him. The commission had flown in three possible referees, Billy Coen, Rocky Marciano and Barney Ross, none of them known for being Panamanians. The Laguna camp balked—right up until two hours before the fight. They said they wanted to pull out, so they got another Daly speech. "Go ahead, but you're crazy," said Bill. "Ortiz doesn't have a chance. You saw him work down here. He didn't do anything at all. You don't believe me. Here's \$500," he held out the bills. "to bet on Laguna for me." The Panamanians looked at the money. "You want more?" yelled Daly. "Al, go get another \$500." Laguna's manager did not accept the money, but walked away with his friends, all of them waving their hands and talking excitedly. Daly smiled and said, "Now all we've gotta do is win."

Two hours later, the above concern having been disposed of via an easy 15-round decision, Ortiz gulped down five bottles of beer in 20 minutes and went to hear Billy Daniels sing. Meanwhile, the Panamanians were arguing with each other in the lobby of the Condado Beach Hotel and Daly was at his Trade Winds bar trying out a fresh pineapple drink generously laced with rum. He looked like an international jewel thief who had just reached Rio.

"Bill," asked one reporter, "how did you ever get the title back?"

"Ask them," said Daly, gesturing toward the Panamanians.

"I did," said the reporter. "They say they don't know."

"Is it true, Squire, that Ortiz has been drinking all week?" he was asked.

"I don't know anything about that," Daly said.

"Well, they say he was drinking and gambling until early in the morning all week," another reporter said.

"The same answer," replied Daly.

Later, after the reporters left, someone asked, "Who does he fight next, Squire?"

"Himself," said Daly sadly. **ENO**

FOOTBALL'S BOWL WEEK

It had been a crazy season of upsets anyhow, so it was only appropriate that the New Year's Day bowl games should have a kind of crazy logic of their own. Three perfect-record teams, Michigan State, Arkansas and Nebraska, were seeking the national title, and all three were humiliated. A gutty UCLA defense stunned the Spartans and provided the biggest sensation. A huge LSU line outblocked Arkansas. These games set the stage for Alabama, behind the marvelously accurate passing of Steve Sloan, to plunder Nebraska, suggesting in the end that Bear Bryant's light, fast Crimson Tide was the best of them all

ROSE BOWL: In practice for the Rose Bowl game, outweighed and outnumbered UCLA defeated heavily favored Michigan State 14 straight days, and Coach Tommy Prothro said, "I've just about mesmerized myself into thinking we can win." On the day of the game itself Prothro, a tall Southerner, was the perfect portrait of a grimly committed man who had keyed his team for a desperate effort against near-impossible odds. "We're ready," he told an interviewer on the sideline just before the kickoff. "We gone try to swam 'em."

What followed was almost exactly what Prothro promised. The Bruins hovered around Duffy Daugherty's rangy, talented Spartans like gnats, and when shadows fell across the field at the end the 100,087 exhausted spectators and millions more on television had witnessed the biggest upset on a bowl weekend of memorable upsets. UCLA, unorthodox but undaunted, outplayed the Spartans in the first half of the game, then tenaciously defended its 14-point lead to win by two points.

The scarred turf of the Rose Bowl was littered with UCLA heroes, for, as Prothro admitted later, "If one less person had put out one less percent, we would have lost." But two young men stood out above the rest. First there was Defensive Back Bob Stiles, the player who led the Bruins' swarming assault on a Michigan State team that had swept past 10 straight opponents, including this same UCLA team in their opening game of the season. Then there was UCLA Quarterback Gary Beban, the miracle-working sophomore, who kept the Spar-

tan defense in total disorder and put both Bruin touchdowns on the scoreboard.

Like a struggling actor trying to be discovered, Stiles was everywhere. He patrolled the secondary as if he were assigned to three different positions, and intercepted two passes. He flashed up to the scrimmage line again and again to help his eager friends wrestle the churning, green-jerseyed Spartan runners to the ground inches short of where they always needed to go.

Stiles, a junior transfer from Long Beach City College, made the big play whenever it was necessary—and it got more and more necessary as the game progressed. One of his best was a jolting tackle on Michigan State Fullback Bob Apisa 31 seconds from the end, when the Spartans were going for a two-point conversion that would have provided them with a 14-14 tie and, as it turned out, a strong claim to the national championship.

Apisa, who already had sprinted 38 yards for a fourth-quarter touchdown that narrowed UCLA's edge to 14-6, took a lateral and started around right end. For an instant he seemed to have the running room he needed. Then UCLA Co-captain Jim Colletto, an end, got him by the head. Apisa kept plowing—there was still room. UCLA's Dallas Grider, a linebacker, next got a hand on him, but Apisa lurched on toward the yellow goal stripe. And then came Stiles.

With a force that could be felt not only in Westwood Village but in Glen Ridge, N.J., Stiles's home town, and East Lansing as well. Stiles, who is 5 feet 9 and weighs 175, shot into Apisa like a jet

on takeoff, burying his head and shoulders in the big fullback's side. It was the hardest blow of the game, and one of the most damaging ever inflicted on the Big Ten. Apisa crashed two feet shy of the end zone, and Bob Stiles had to be revived and helped off the field to accept the most valuable player trophy.

While Stiles was busy snuffing Michigan State's offense, Beban was plotting guerrilla warfare. "We decided that it was no use tryin' to get at Michigan State with anything but unorthodox tools," said Prothro. "We're gone all the way with the bomb. When it's third and one, or third and two, don't look for us to run for the first down."

Indeed, UCLA played unconventional football throughout, employing such shenanigans as the onside kick (it worked), the tackle-eligible pass (it worked) and—the key to the Bruins' offense—a thing called "the shadow set" in which UCLA's two best receivers, Split End Kurt Allenburg and Flanker Dick Witcher, were stationed on the same side of the field, one directly behind the other. "With this," said Prothro, "we could seep toward our strength. If they overshifted, we could run away from it. And if they closed up quickly we could throw long to Witcher or Allenburg." The shadow set, designed by UCLA Assistant Coach Pepper Rodgers, worked just fine.

continued

Out on his feet, UCLA Defensive Back Bob Stiles is lifted off the field after his last tackle of the afternoon, which kept Michigan State from a tie.





THE BOWLS *continued*

On UCLA's first offensive play Beban faked from the shadow and sprinted to the opposite side of the field for 28 yards. "That gave us confidence," said the sophomore, "and gave them the hint we could run on them." UCLA got its first touchdown when a fumbled punt put the Bruins in possession at the Spartan five. Beban earned twice from the three. He was stopped once, but the second time he edged over from the one for the first of the two touchdowns

he scored. The other also came from only one yard out.

If Michigan State did not seem bothered too much by that first touchdown, it had a right to its confidence. The Spartans had trailed six opponents during the regular season and always had won. But this time things were different. The Bruins, unafraid of what State could do to them if they failed, promptly pulled their inside kick. They won the gamble, had the ball and field position. It was



Gary Behan (16) has the ball and State's George Webster (90) has Behan—a foot shy of the goal. He scored on next play.

time, they told themselves, for the new alignment again.

In the huddle Behan called "shadow set Michigan, spread left post." Out went Altenburg and Witcher, split wide. Both receivers sprinted deep and crisscrossed, with Witcher going all the way to the end zone, Altenburg inside him. Behan calmly spiraled the ball to Altenburg, running at the four-yard line between two defenders. Altenburg fell forward to the one, and Behan quickly stabbed through

for the score. "It was a perfect pattern, a perfect throw and a great catch," said Prothro.

But almost everything about the day was perfect for UCLA, whose players had, as only collegians do, dedicated the game to their families, their school and West Coast football.

"They kept us off balance from the start," said Dougherty, a gracious loser. "They forced us into mistakes."

CONTINUED

COTTON BOWL: A lady whose intention undoubtedly was kind wove through the balloons and paper hats at the Cotton Bowl New Year's Eve party and clutched the arm of Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles. "Frank," she said, "you have nothing to worry about tomorrow," meaning the Razorbacks were certain to beat Louisiana State for their 23rd straight win. "Lady," said Broyles, "that is exactly what worries me." Later, thinking about the mood of the game, Broyles said, "LSU is sitting behind a log with its 7-3 record. We know they're good, but we're having a hard time convincing people."

Early in the game, when the Razorbacks drove 87 yards for a 7-0 lead, largely on the dazzling pass catches of End Bobby Crockett, the lady and not Broyles appeared to have been right. But the Tigers had a game plan, and soon began to put it into effect. The place where they could beat Arkansas, Coach Charley McClendon reasoned, was on the left side of its big, hard-blocking line. There LSU had Tackle David McCormick (6 feet 6, 240), Guard Don Ellen (6 feet 1, 225) and Tight End Walt Pillow (6 feet 2, 215), and they were capable of blocking straight ahead like steamrollers. Moreover, Arkansas' best defensive lineman, All-America Tackle Lloyd Phillips, played on the opposite side. The question was whether LSU could control the ball long enough for Halfback Joe Labruzzo to get the goal lines clearly in focus. LSU could. First, Labruzzo squirmed behind McCormick, Ellen and Pillow from three yards out to top off an 80-yard drive for the touchdown that tied the score 7-7. Then, as the last few seconds of the first half ticked away, Labruzzo banged for five straight downs and finally barged over for the winning touchdown. In the second half LSU clamped double and even triple coverages on Crockett, and the Arkansas offense, sputtering on the sore arm of Jon Brittenum, was far from the smooth thing it had been all season. At the game's end the Tiger players went into the kind of ritual only upsetting teams enjoy: they grabbed a red practice jersey with 23 on it (for Arkansas' expected 23 straight) and gleefully shredded it.

Arkansas End Bobby Crockett (left), making a desperate catch on a late rally that failed, could not recover the ground lost to LSU's smashing Joe Labruzzo (right), who ran for two scores.

CONTINUED



ORANGE BOWL: The games in Dallas and Pasadena were over. After a long day of college football and a season that began in the heat of September, it was left, almost miraculously, to the last two teams scheduled to play—Alabama and Nebraska—to decide between themselves which should be considered the country's best. If one team appeared to have more of an incentive, and therefore an edge, it was Alabama. In the same Orange Bowl exactly a year before, the Tide was embarrassed as it now hoped to embarrass unbeaten Nebraska. On that occasion, undefeated and already voted No. 1, Alabama failed to move the ball the length of a bow tie in the last few minutes and lost to Texas 21-17.

Coach Paul Bryant heard a lot about that Texas game in Miami last week as he prepared for this year's Orange Bowl. At the kickoff luncheon the master of ceremonies pointed out the incredibility of Bear Bryant coaching 30 years and not having a play in his repertoire to get over the Texas goal. No amount of needling, however, could alter the fact that in 1964 the polls had closed early, and that Alabama—though a loser—was still ranked No. 1.

This season an overpoweringly simple, reasonable alternative was decided on. One of the wire services—the Associated Press—announced it would hold off its final vote until after the bowl games, the bowls being the closest thing to an actual play-off of contenders from the various sections (SI, Sept. 20). The AP also advised Alabama to crate up the championship trophy and

continued

Steve Sloan, forced by huge, leaping linemen to loft ball in high arc, gets off an Alabama pass over the outstretched arms of Nebraska's Walt Barnes.







be ready to send it along to the new champion. There were three unbeaten teams in bowl competition and Alabama was not one of them. The Alabama publicity director took the instructions under advisement but did not hurry to get the crating done. In fact, he never even started the job. Any farsighted partisan could see that the three unbeaten—Michigan State, Arkansas and Nebraska—would not survive the day and by natural accession once-beaten, fourth-ranked Alabama would again wind up at the top.

It happened just that stunningly. On a glimmering, perfectly splendid New Year's night the team that could not make six inches to beat Texas made 512 yards to beat Nebraska 39-28. The Crimson Tide poured into the end zones of Nebraska's pass defense as Quarterback Steve Sloan took an exacting toll, spearheading a 17-point rush in the second quarter that left Nebraska a forever in a rut.

Afterward, locked with his team in the Alabama dressing room, Bear Bryant jumped up on a bench and said, "I don't know how you'll end up in the polls, but with me you're definitely No. 1." Nebraska's Bob Devaney conceded at least that. The Alabama offense, he said, was "probably the best I have ever seen."

In the week of the game, Devaney sat in the home of a friend and discussed the contingencies of this classic match—his big slugger of an offense against the cunning and dash of the smaller, tougher Bryant team. Much had been said about the overwhelming advantage in size that Nebraska would have. What was being overlooked, Devaney agreed, was that Alabama never really has a very big team and that he doubted if he could match the Tide's speed and quickness. He said he would rather play a team "like Harvard, or somebody of that nature." Miami was a place for fun, he said, "but I can't say I'm having a good time because I'm too nervous."

As it turned out, Nebraska scored more points on Alabama than has any other team in Bryant's eight years at the school. Three of its touchdowns came by passing, a shocking development, since Nebraska is not supposed to have a passing attack. Devaney once pointed out that his team threw just enough to amuse

the student body, but against Alabama's stunting defenders the only consistent means of travel turned out to be via Quarterback Bob Churchich's arm. In all, Nebraska totaled 378 yards.

But what is the use of scoring 28 points when the other team scores 39? The little giants that operate in the Alabama line move people. It was inconceivable, perhaps, that Center Paul Crane, at 191 pounds, could handle Nebraska's middle guard, 239-pound Wayne Meylan, considered by Alabama coaches to be the best of the Nebraska linemen, but Crane did it with regularity. Not with brute force, by any means. Alabama linemen block at line angles, aiming for the outside of a knee or a piece of a hip. They seldom trap, but double-team often. It is not likely that anyone who has ever been greeted simultaneously by End Wayne Cook and Tackle Cecil Dowdy would doubt the effectiveness of the double-team. Nor will Walt Barnes, the 252-pound All-America tackle, soon forget being gored by Dowdy at the two-yard line and then slammed on his back into the end zone by the atavistic rush of Fullback Steve Bowman, scoring the final Alabama touchdown.

But, more important, Alabama linemen use the impetus of a charging opponent to turn him away from the play. The hole, therefore, might change in a flicker, and the Alabama backs—Bowman, Ike Kelley and Frank Canterbury—are excellent at cutting back to take advantage. They outrushed Nebraska, the rushing team, 222 yards to 145, and then Alabama threw everything at Nebraska, including three tackle-eligible passes to a former fullback, Jerry Duncan. Three times Bryant ordered outside Licks after touchdowns, and twice Alabama successfully recovered.

The magnificence of the Alabama offense, of course, is in its passing game, and that means Quarterback Sloan and half a dozen excellent receivers. Sloan wound up on the religious pages of the Miami newspapers as often as he did on the sports pages in the days preceding the game, for he is an active worker in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Nebraska's Freeman White was much impressed when he got to know Sloan and said he couldn't imagine getting mad at him.

Well, you don't have to get mad at Sloan to be beaten by him. Almost definitely he has gone about wiping out

Joe Namath's Alabama passing records: he had 20 completions for 296 yards, despite having to throw in the face of a persistent Nebraska rush and despite playing from the second quarter on with torn cartilages in his right side. Webb Ewbank of the New York Jets put in a frantic call to the Orange Bowl press box at the half to make sure Sloan got a message: "Please don't sign anything with anybody until we have a chance to talk to you."

Sloan was brilliant. With Nebraska's huge linemen always on the verge of sending him to an early grave, he adapted by rising on his toes and cocking his arm farther back, over his helmet rather than at his ear. Unable to follow through completely, he tended to loft the ball, but when he did so the astoundingly quick Alabama receivers almost always were there, curling back or stretching out to make the catch.

Most of the stretching and the lunging and the curling and the diving was done by Ray Perkins, the flanker back who has three holes in his head. As a freshman Perkins suffered a severe concussion and had to be drilled to relieve blood clots. He does not wear a steel plate as the story goes, but the holes are there, all right, and if he did not want so badly to play for Alabama he would have been allowed to continue on in school without doing so. Perkins is known around Tuscaloosa as a great man with his hands. He painted Assistant Coach Duke Hennessey's house, he rebuilt Coach Ken Meyer's washing machine and he is frequently called on by Coach Howard Schnellenberger to keep Schnellenberger's car running. But what Perkins does best with his hands is catch passes. He caught 10 against Nebraska for 159 yards, including two for touchdowns.

Possibly the only thing more spectacular than Perkins' touchdown catches was the chain reaction they set off in the Orange Bowl's east end zone. Touchdowns there were the signals for soaring rockets and Roman candles, lighting up the Miami sky, and when somebody kicked an extra point or a field goal into the fountain-and-garden area behind the end zone two lovely things in bathing suits—the color of the suits was described as navel orange—went wading delicately after them. It always took both of them to bring the ball out. To have all that and the Alabama offense too was really having all that heaven should allow. **END**

Sure-fingered Alabama Flanker Ray Perkins, who consistently outspurred Nebraska secondary, grabs an over-the-head Sloan pass for a long gain.

TRADITION SPROUTS IN A CORNFIELD

Out on the wide Nebraska prairie a famous refugee from the Big Ten basketball wars is helping to build a brand-new college, complete with teams, songs, cheerleaders and instant spirit **by GERALD HOLLAND**

Let those followers of big-time collegiate basketball who have been wondering whatever happened to Forddy Anderson wonder no longer. The former coach at Drake and Bradley and winner of a Big Ten championship at Michigan State may here be observed making his way through a field of corn. Forddy is not lost—that field of corn is destined to become part of the 275-acre campus of brand-new Hiram Scott College on the outskirts of Scottsbluff, Neb., a brisk and tidy town of 20,000 in the heart of the North Platte River Valley, hard by the old Oregon Trail, 23 miles from the Wyoming border and 40 minutes by air from Denver.

Somewhere in the cornfield that Forddy Anderson is exploring is Hiram Scott's first permanent unit, a dormitory built around a quadrangle and housing 386 of the college's 525 charter students who were on hand for the opening classes on Oct. 11. Eventually where the tall corn now grows there will be student centers, science and social science centers, an administration building, chapel, auditorium, dining halls and a library. Meanwhile, Hiram Scott (which was still in the talking stage up to a year ago) is holding classes and operating administration offices all along Broadway in downtown Scottsbluff—an office buildings, in once-vacant stores, up over still-vacant stores, in a movie theater and in the National Guard Armory. The basketball and wrestling teams work out in the new field house of the high school in the neighboring town of Gering. Back on

Scottsbluff, in a spacious second-floor suite with a big window, a choice location right next to Sears, is the office of the athletic director, head basketball coach and director of student affairs—all of whom happen to be Forrest A. (Forddy) Anderson. The hip, sophisticated, dapper Forddy—lecturer, world traveler, bon vivant—seems completely at home in this environment.

How did Forddy Anderson ever find his way from the great campus of Michigan State, with its 35,000 students, to Hiram Scott, whose entire student body could be squeezed into Athletic Director Biggie Munn's big office back in East Lansing?

"Well, first of all," Forddy was saying over coffee in a Broadway drugstore booth, "One day last April I was called in by Biggie, seated in a chair facing his framed certificates naming him as an All-America Coach of the Year, member of the Hall of Fame—among others—and informed that there would be some changes made in the basketball situation. In other words, I was canned. Now, frankly, I was surprised. There was good reason for canning me after several bad seasons, but I expected to get the bad news near the end of the season or immediately after our final game. When a month passed, I thought maybe I was to be given another chance, because our recruiting had been going very well.

"I certainly do not have any serious resentment against Biggie personally. I know that he was merely expressing a

consensus of opinion among those on high. Michigan State doesn't like losers any more than any other big university. As a matter of fact, as far as Biggie was concerned, he had frequently given me encouragement. I recall that when we won the Big Ten a luncheon was held at the Elks Club in Lansing, and I was presented with a framed citation from the Michigan State Alumni Association. Biggie was sitting next to me, and as I brought the citation back to the table he looked at it and patted me on the back. 'That's a nice little certificate,' he said. 'Of course, the one they gave me would make yodas look like a postage stamp. But keep up the good work.'"

Forddy took a sip of coffee and acknowledged greetings from a group of passing students. "As for getting the bad news from Biggie," he went on, "al-





PARTING THE DRIED STALKS, FORDDY ANDERSON SURVEYS A FUTURE CORNER OF THE HIRSH SCOTT CAMPUS OUTSIDE SCOTTSDALE

though there were others who agreed with him about my usefulness to Michigan State, I sometimes think that I drove the final nail in my own coffin at a meeting of the entire coaching staff that had been called by Biggie. He had a complaint about coaches who ran around making speeches and going to clinics and accepting honors of one kind or another. His main target was plainly Duffy Daugherty. Duffy finally said, "The speeches I make off season are done on my own time, Biggie. I'm supposed to be off on weekends after football, and I think I have a right to talk where I please." Biggie didn't agree. Well, now here I was, my job hanging by a thread. But this was a chance I couldn't resist. "Biggie," I said, pointing to Duffy, "this Irishman has done more for Michigan State than any 10 men in its history. I

don't think you've got any right to humiliate him before his assistants and the rest of the coaches."

"Biggie got red in the face, but he ignored my remarks. Later, after the meeting, assistant coaches crowded around, slapping me on the back, complimenting me on my 'guts' for saving the famous Biggie Munn right out in front of everybody."

Forddy shook his head and smiled. "Later I was reminded of the old story about the cop who had a choice beat in the city and suddenly was banished to the sticks during the dead of winter. He was sent to a district where the streets weren't even paved and there wasn't a house in sight. One day some of his old friends on the force drove out to see him. They found him slapping his arms around his chest and blowing on his freezing

fingers. His friends had come to cheer him up. 'Pat,' they said, 'we just wanted you to know that the boys at headquarters are still talking about the way you chewed out the sergeant.'"

For all of that, Forddy Anderson might have stayed on at Michigan State indefinitely because he had tenure as an associate professor. He put in his time, after turning in his whistle, by going on some recruiting trips for the new basketball coach, his friend and onetime assistant John Benington. He was not being presumptuous in expecting that a coaching offer would come along in time (although the 1965-66 jobs were already filled), because his overall record was excellent: he had developed seven All-Americans, written two standard basketball instructional books and conducted hundreds of coaching clinics all over the

continued

U.S. and in Japan and the Philippines.

As it happened, the first call came from an old friend of Fordy's: Bradley University days. Dr. Anthony Marinaccio, a distinguished educator whose four degrees include an M.A. from Ohio State and a Ph.D. from Yale. Dr. Marinaccio, an eloquent and persuasive speaker before large audiences, across his desk or on the telephone, was brimming over with enthusiasm. He told Fordy all about Hiram Scott, of which he had been named the first president. He said this was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to be in on the birth and development of a four-year liberal arts college of the kind that was needed in just such areas as western Nebraska. He said that, all around the country, 100,000 qualified students would not be able to get into college this academic year. He promised that Hiram Scott would have 1,000 students next year, 5,000 in five years and a complete campus long before that. He said that Fordy Anderson was just the kind of athletic director and coach he was looking for, and would Fordy just agree to come on out and see what was being accomplished? "Tony," said Anderson, "I'll come out and look around on one condition."

"Name it!" cried Dr. Marinaccio.

"Just answer me this," said Fordy.

"Where is Scottsbluff?"

He was told to fly to Denver and switch to Frontier Airlines, whose jet-props make the 40-minute flight. Arriving on the scene, Anderson breathed deeply of the clean, high-altitude air, met the local business leaders and the farmers and ranchers who had subscribed to the first building fund and the members of an impressive faculty (who are sometimes harder to find than basketball and football players), took a bow at Rotary and other civic groups and in the evenings sampled the steaks for which the area is famous. (Scottsbluff's prosperity has been built on beef, beans and sugar beets.)

Fordy absorbed great quantities of historical lore as he was whisked around through Wildcat Hills and up to the top of Scotts Bluff (now a national monument), which commands a breathtaking view of the tablelands below. He inspected what local people like to think are the ruts made by wagon trains on the old Oregon Trail. He learned that Hiram Scott himself was an obscure fur trader who fell ill and was left to die by

fellow traders in the shadow of the bluff that bears his name.

Fordy Anderson caught the fever. He signed on and moved his family—his wife Pat, son, Forrest Jr., 14, who is called Frosty, his daughters, Constance, 20, and Tracey, 6. His daughter Barbara, 17, is attending Grand Valley State College in Grand Rapids, Mich. The move west caused Fordy Anderson absolutely no financial pain. He found an ideal, brand-new house facing one of the town's three golf courses and converted the house from a split-level to a three-level. Dick Kramer, the Pontiac-Cadillac dealer, immediately signed him up for a weekly television program and presented him with a cream-colored Catalina convertible.

Fordy seems to know everybody along Broadway; he is in great demand as a speaker and his audiences delight in his account of adventures at Michigan State—none of which (as he tells of

them) reflect any particular credit on himself. For instance, speaking before the Junior Chamber of Commerce recently, he said:

"Sometimes a coach can't do anything right. I remember once my team was losing 78-77 with seven seconds left to play, and one of my boys was fouled. I called time out and talked to the boy. 'Now look,' I said, 'you make this shot a dozen times a day in practice. Take your time. You'll sink the shot, we'll win and I'll give you the game ball.'"

"The boy didn't even hit the backboard. A few days later I received an anonymous letter from Detroit. It said: 'You contemptible cur. You should be hanged from basketball for life. Why did you call a time out and get that boy all tensed up? You should have let him shoot while he was hot. You hum.'"

"Some of you may remember that same situation came up in the NCAA semifinals of 1957. Michigan State was



USING BORROWED GYM of nearby Gering High School until his own is ready, Fordy coaches basketball while cool cheerleaders and the wrestling team practice on the two other levels.

leading North Carolina 64-62 with 11 seconds to go in the first overtime period. One of four boys was fouled. You could hear a pin drop as he shot the free throw. If he made it we'd surely be in the finals."

At this point, Fordy usually takes a sip of water. Then he goes on. "It bounced off the rim. Carolina scored, and we finally lost in three overtimes. The following week I got another anonymous letter from Detroit. It said: 'You miserable jerk. You ought to be run out of coaching. Why didn't you call a time out when that boy was fouled and give him a chance to calm down? Idiot!'"

Naturally, Fordy Anderson's principal interest these days is the basketball team, which has a 15-game schedule with small colleges in Iowa, Colorado, Wyoming and Nebraska, six played at home in the Gering High field house. He is bringing to Hiram Scott the same brand of intensive coaching that won him his reputation at Drake, Bradley and Michigan State. At 46, he can still dribble down the court and challenge his players to get the ball away from him. He tape-records detailed reports on every practice session, has his assistant, Tom Rollefson from Lake Forest, Ill., keep charts on every game, even intra-squad competitions. Rollefson did most of the actual recruiting for this year's team (except for three boys that Fordy brought along from East Lansing), and the result is a 20-man squad of young giants, some of whom look and perform like veterans of the basketball wars. Many have impressive high school and AAU backgrounds, and the guess is that they had difficulty maintaining scholastic standings or were unable to qualify for admission to eastern colleges.

Hiram Scott offers such students every possible aid in winning a diploma. It is operating under the trimester system, with the school year divided into three sections, each the length of a conventional semester. Students will be further aided by the "team" teaching system, each team including a professor to lecture and prepare the material for the course, an instructor to lead analysis and discussion with the class, and a tutor to work with slower students. Under the trimester system a hard-working student can complete the four-year course in two and two-thirds years.

Because of the speed with which Hiram Scott cleared enough of his cornfield to put up a dormitory and at the same

time buy a hotel and lease downtown offices, it has been called an "instant college." The student body is, meanwhile, establishing "instant traditions." Time and again, at convocations in the movie theater, students will be heard to assert, "We've got to remember that what we decide here today will affect not just us but maybe 10,000 students who will be on campus 10 years from now."

Fordy Anderson presides over many of these convocations, one of which was called to select a nickname for the athletic teams and a mascot for the school. A preliminary committee had reduced a score of student suggestions to just three, and the question before the movie house was: "Shall Hiram Scott teams be called 'The Hunters' or 'The Scotties' or 'The Scotts'?" A standing vote overwhelmingly favored "Scotts." This naturally led to the suggestion of a Scottish terrier as mascot. There were immediate objections.

"A Scottish terrier is a little dog," one student said. "It would be all right now while Hiram Scott is a small school, but what about the time when we've got 20,000 students? Wouldn't they want some kind of mascot a little more ferocious than a Scottish terrier?"

This was battled around until Fordy Anderson reached into his bag of pep rally rousers and declared: "Remember, students, it's not the size of the dog in the fight, it's the size of the fight in the dog!" Objectors slumped in their seats, and the Scottish terrier was promptly adopted as mascot. In the ensuing enthusiasm for the new Scottsbluff Scotts, the boys and girls sang the alma mater, which was written by Professor Marvin Genuchs before the first students had arrived. The song reflects the prevailing optimism at Hiram Scott (note reference to "stately portals" in the verse), and it has a melody that is in the great tradition of alma mater songs. It goes like this:

*And tall prairie grasslands,
Beside the sandy Platte,
And in the shadow of Scotts Bluff,
Our Alma Mater stands.
Her stately portals rise on high,
Her standards reach the sky;
Though we be gone far, far away,
Her spirit's ever nigh.*

CHORUS:

*Hiram Scott, Hiram Scott,
We pledge our love to thee,*

We pledge our hearts, we pledge our minds,

To dear old H.S.C.

*Hiram Scott, Hiram Scott,
The blue, the white, the gold,
There is no other one like thee,
Our dear old H.S.C.*

Also in the instant tradition, a college newspaper, *The Trailblazer*, has been established under the direction of Mrs. Helen Scott (no kin to old Hiram). It is a highly professional-looking product, and in the first issue the editors were so carried away with school spirit that they felt compelled, in their lead editorial, to paraphrase the Gettysburg Address.

"Two years and some months ago," the editorial began, "a group of men brought forth in this cornfield a new college, conceived in academic enthusiasm and dedicated to the proposition that 'the greatest possible excellence in education can be achieved by an institution created and programmed to be self-sufficient.'"

Nobody around the campus, downtown and cornfield branches included, has any more school spirit than Fordy Anderson. In addition to his duties as basketball coach, his days are filled with all sorts of conferences dedicated to Hiram Scott. Wrestling Coach William Abbas drops in for a daily meeting, along with Assistant Basketball Coach Rollefson, who doubles as athletic publicity director pro tem. Booking agents call from Denver nominating combos for student dances. Mrs. Mary Lynne Shields of the music department comes by regularly to report on her progress in training cheerleaders. Meanwhile, Anderson is planning for a baseball team next spring, football two years from now, a golf team, a riding and rodeo club as soon as they can get started. He has already commandeered the stable on President Mannuccio's property for the riders.

From all outward appearances, Fordy Anderson never had it so good. He is thoroughly enjoying the parties, the speechmaking, the television show, the coaching—his true love—and he is secure in the knowledge that if he should get a little too big for his britches there will be no Biggie Munn to call him on the carpet.

Out in western Nebraska, you might say, Athletic Director Fordy Anderson is Biggie Munn. END

PEOPLE

It was the risk a museum takes when it permits a favorite masterpiece to be loaned out to a traveling exhibition: **Willie Mays**, stumping the West on behalf of the Job Corps (at the request, it was rumored, of Herbert Humphrey), collapsed and limped home to San Francisco, the victim, one doctor said, of "nerves and exhaustion." His galloping to his rescue on the Job Corps mission came **Les Johnson**, a man amazingly adept at filling yawning vacancies. Johnson, an almost forgotten Dodger farm-system hired hand, took over for ailing Outfielder Tommy Davis last spring and became a major factor in the team's successful pursuit of the pennant.

Ever pugnacious, Alabama's governor and onetime Golden Gloves bantamweight champion, **George Corley Wallace**, slugged a punching bag in a Miami Beach hotel gymnasium. Broke his wrist.

"A man my age, 41—I should think by now I should have done something more constructive in life," brooding Middleweight **Paul Pender** lamented a few years back just after he had won his world championship. Now, almost three years into retirement, some of Pender's constructive longings are being real-

ized in his job as director of athletics at Massachusetts' Norfolk prison (below). "We hope to get indoor boxing going here pretty soon," said Pender last week. "The guys seem to appreciate it if somebody takes an interest in them. And I'm happy."

Drop a line sometime, *New York Post* Columnist Maury Allen told **Larry Bearnaht** when the Met's pitcher followed the sun to Venezuela's winter season. In his first letter, which the *Post* reprinted, Bearnaht girflessly noted the resemblance of slurred accents he heard in Venezuela to those he heard in his native Brooklyn, told a colorful story of pitching a game interrupted by a tear-gas and machine-gun raid, observed the favorite local word was "mashine," and said the people were very sensitive. They sure were. Once the letter was translated and printed again in Venezuelan papers, Bearnaht was holed to distraction, got so exasperated he bounced a ball off a fan. Now he has returned to his home on Long Island. That puts him just a direct phone call away from Columnist Allen's house.

Passing the holidays duck hunting in California's Sacramento Valley, Chief Justice **Earl Warren** could wax warmly about the scenery ("Out here I see the sun

come up, a beautiful red, a gorgeous sight") even while pondering whether that alone was worth slogging through dark sky ponds in 24° weather. Coming in the first day with only a single duck in his bag, he added: "I also love to see the patterns in the sky—the crescents of ducks coming in. And I do like to get off a shot once in a while." Couple of days later the Chief Justice got off several shots to bag three greenhead and two widgeon, duck hunting's equivalent of a perfect day at bat.

Dante is a swimmer, a skier and an undressed golfer wrapped in a towel. Virgil is a track man, a baseball umpire and a scuba diver. **Miller Dyrrol Burleson** is a babbling, Biblical Nimrod, tennis player, Carnegie Wright and Ann Haydon are fortune tellers, and as for those giants guarding the Central Pit of Circle Fight, they're Olympic weight lifters. That, anyway, is how **Artist Robert Rauschenberg** has peopled Dante's *Inferno* in a series of 34 zoogeographic illustrations that went on display in Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. The athletic images, most of which were lifted by ink transfer from photographs in the pages of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, update Dante's own device of using specific contemporary events and personalities when he wrote his *Divine Comedy* in the 14th century. Said Rauschenberg of his 20th-century drawings: "A picture is more like the real world when it's made out of the real world."

Forecharter in Miami Beach: one 41-foot *Hatteras* cruiser named *Big Bear* and one 55-foot *Chris-Craft* named *Bigger Bear*. Ideal for sport fishing, social cruising, cultivated Can raving. Available night or day, by the week, or however long one can stand the pressure (about \$300 a day). Flourishes include professional crew, table settings of crystal and china and first three drinks on the house. Inquire of the owners, **Miami Beach** **Mayne and Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt**, who,

should the occasion demand, could fill in at the helm. "Ellie-oh," says **Patrick Roosevelt**, "is a fine hostman. He can shoot the stars and all that sort of thing."

Everybody knew why **Bobby, Ethel, Jackie, Pat** and the kids were there, but it wasn't just a family reunion that brought Washington Mountaineer **Jim Whitaker** to join the fun at Sun Valley. Rather, it appears increasingly probable that Whitaker, who led Senator Kennedy to the top of Mt. Kennedy in the Yukon last spring and took him white-water boating in Idaho in the summer, will stand for election to Congress this fall. And sking with Bobby, in that light, may be just another kind of running. Says Democrat Whitaker coyly of his political plans: "Don't say I am running and don't say I'm not."

The Americans rolled up their biggest and shiniest officers—including three generals—but were still decisively beaten in a game of volley ball by the South Vietnamese. Indeed, the finesse with which the Vietnamese unhinged the Americans was manifest in the gesture of Premier **Nguyen Cao Ky**, who left the court on a Saigon airtel cooly spinning the game ball off the top of his thumb (below).





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front. Along the engine belt, and 2 more small kids in the back seat. And you can slide an enormous skillet in back of the back seat.

Actually, there's only one part of a VW that you can't put much into.

The gas tank.

But you can get about 29 miles per gallon out of it.



¡Olé! Manolo— a little bit too late

**Spain's Manuel Santana won his
duel with Roy Emerson, but the
Aussies had taken the Davis Cup**



COLORFUL SPANIARDS showed up in fine voice, carrying banners and whistles.

You would have thought that Spain had just won the Davis Cup. As Manuel Santana of Madrid served an ace to Roy Emerson of Brisbane to win their four-set match, hundreds of hysterical Spaniards poured out of the stands and onto center court at White City Stadium in Sydney. A hand broke into *Hellu, Duffs!*, that old Iberian standard, and the uninhibited Spaniards did snake dances, waved scarves, banners and sombreros, hoisted small children to their shoulders and, of course, wept. So what if Spain had already been beaten by Australia after the first two days of cup play? This had been the big match: Santana against Emerson, the battle for the amateur championship of the world—and *¡olé!* Manolo had won!

It had been a long-awaited match. The toothy Santana, 27, had won the U.S. championship at Forest Hills last fall from a field that had included Emerson, but Emerson had been eliminated by Arthur Ashe in the quarter-finals. Emerson had won at Wimbledon in July (and just about everywhere else before that) but had not faced Santana, who did not play. When the two met at White City Stadium last week the stands were crowded. More than 400 Spaniards sat—or, rather, stood—whistling, shouting and waving red-and-gold banners. Most of them had come from various parts of Australia, but 80 had flown all the way from Spain.

The match, as it developed, was not the greatest of the century, or even of the Challenge Round. Emerson won the first set, but lost the next three, 6-2, 6-4, 15-13. Even in the final set, which looks close on paper, Emerson often was struggling to hold service, while Santana was rarely in trouble. So great was the demonstration following Santana's victory—he was carried off on the shoulders of his countrymen—that the hero was slightly bruised when he arrived in the dressing room. However, nothing could mar his elation. "At least I proved I was in very good shape today," he said, his big teeth showing in a wide smile.

Santana was referring to the accusations by Australian officials that the Spanish team had not taken the Challenge Round seriously, that they had turned the trip to Australia into a pleasure jaunt and were not in top condition. It is true that on the way to Australia the Spaniards had stopped off in Tahiti

to sample the local sunshine, thereby missing a couple of important Australian tournaments, hurting the gate and angering officials. Moreover, when they did arrive in Australia, they refused to play the rest of the tournament schedule, preferring to work out with pros such as Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall and some of the touring Americans, among them Ashe, Clark Graebner and Cliff Richey. But Spanish Cup Captain Jaime Barrios defended his team's training methods, pointing out that his boys did calisthenics for half an hour every morning and practiced every afternoon. Whereupon he was told that the Australian players ran every morning, played in tournaments in the afternoon and often ran again in the evening.

Certainly conditioning seemed to play a major role in the grueling and decisive first match between Santana and Fred Stolle, the tall, good-natured Australian. To beat Australia, Spain needed two singles victories from Santana. Stolle, like Emerson, had been evenly matched for the past six months, and in the first two sets against Santana, played in searing heat, his form was unchanged. Then, down two sets to love, Stolle began serving well and he quickly evened the match. In the fifth set, games went to five-all. Santana seemed on top of his game, leading 30-love, when in a great burst of cross-court and down-the-line placements Stolle ripped off four points in a row, held serve and won the match Spain could not afford to lose.

After Stolle's gallant comeback Australia had no problems. Emerson beat Juan Gisbert to make it 2-0. Gisbert is a marvelous clay player and it was his victory over Dennis Ralston in Barcelona last August that led to Spain's victory over the U.S. But in Australia they play on grass, and grass reduces Gisbert's game to club level... well, almost.

The following day two young Australians, John Newcombe and Tony Roche, wrapped up the cup for Australia, beating Santana and Lis Arilla in 114° heat. It was enough to make the Spaniards wish they had never left Tahiti. Santana and Arilla managed to win the second set, but faded fast after that. Santana looked especially fatigued in the fourth and final set, losing his service three straight times. *Fw, España!*

There was a strong feeling in Australian tennis circles preceding cup play

that the home team was fortunate to be playing Spain and not the U.S. Led by Cup Captain George MacCall, the U.S. players—Ashe, Richey, Graebner, Herb FitzGibbon, Marty Riessen and Jim McManus—scored impressive victories in the major Australian tournaments.

All this has not been lost on Harry Hopman, Australia's Cup captain. "Ashe and Richey have been most impressive," Hopman said. "Graebner has shown amazing improvement and I see no reason why he won't continue to improve." The only development that could hurt, yea ruin, the U.S. prospects for the 1966 Davis Cup would be the drafting of Ashe into the Army, a distant possibility.

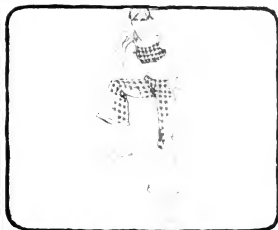
Another reason for U.S. optimism is the fact that Roy Emerson clearly is no longer the giant he has been for the past few years. After his victory at Wimbledon, his second in a row, his game faltered. Playing on the U.S. grass circuit, he lost to players who in days past would not have taken a set from him. Insignificant tournaments, people decided. Wait till Forest Hills. When Ashe beat him there, it was only partly because the American played well, Emerson looked unsure, especially on serve. Harry Hopman himself brushed off Emerson's recent losses to Ashe and Graebner in Australia, saying that Emmo was merely working to a peak for the Challenge Round. That Santana, after nine tough sets in two days, could beat Emerson, who had played only three easy sets followed by a day of rest, shows that Emerson has lost a good deal.

After the Santana match, Emerson sat slumped in a cane chair for half an hour before trudging into a shower, where he stared silently at the floor as the water tumbled over him. His loss to Santana was his first in eight Challenge Round singles matches and he seemed to be taking it hard. Still, he answered the questions of newsmen politely, for Emerson, above all else, is a gentleman.

"At 30 I'm losing my keenness," he said. "I think it's about time I stepped down and let some of the younger players take over. I doubt if I'll play in the Challenge Round again. Manuel has put the handwriting on the wall for me."

Then, straightening his tie, Emerson said, "If there's nothing else, fellas, I think I'll go and have a beer." A slight grin broke out on his face. "Come to think of it, I might have two."

END



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THEY CALL IT A

There was a time when the only people who drove jeeps were khaki and got shot at. Now, like many other forms of work, jeep driving has become a sport. There are some 300 jeep clubs in the country, a third of them in California, where—just for fun—drivers can bounce over mountains or get stuck in sand dunes

BY BIL GILBERT



Something seems to compel us—nostalgia, corrupt romanticism, defensiveness about the good old days—to single out odd sorts of extinct drudgery and preserve them in a recreational matrix, like a brontosaurus in a tar pit. There are a sizable number of activities now called sport that are really nothing more than obsolescent work. Included are such things as running, hiking, log huling, snowshoeing, canoeing, dogsledding, sculling, riding a western saddle, fishing and camping with children. All were once labors of the dreariest, backbreakingest sort, fit occupations for slaves, servants and savages.

Whatever the reason for this compulsion to save out-moded work forms by making games of them, it is, apparently, still operative. Quite recently, quite quietly, another one of these leisure-out-of-labor pastimes has evolved.

They call it jeeping. (You heard me right, my stout, middle-aged hearty with the still-tender coccyx. You get in a jeep and ride it for fun.)

From the standpoint of a recreational taxonomist, sport four-wheel driving—a broader term that includes the pleasure wrangling of not only Jeeps but Scouts, Land-Rovers, Toyotas, Datsuns, Broncos and similar breeds—provides a sort of souped-up case study of the work-retained-as-play phenomenon. It is like being able to watch the evolution of the horse from Eohippus to Kelso take place in a quarter of a century. The whole thing began in 1940, when the military ordered its first General Purpose (GP, hence Jeep) vehicles. They rapidly became the single most romanticized piece of machinery used in World War II and, much as troopers led home their cavalry cobs in 1865, GIs brought their Jeeps

SPORT NOW, SARGE



Out on a pleasure drive, four members of the Sazo Jeep club explore the California Sierra, a freeway compared to some rivers they take.

back to the home corral in 1945. Since then jeeps and their near relations have prospered and multiplied, there now being some 200,000 four-wheel-drive vehicles roaming the civilian ranges. The majority of these mechanical nags earn their keep scraping snow, sawing wood, towing automobiles, carrying hunters, surveyors, loggers and stockmen into the rough, madless boondocks.

However, the crucial factor in the sportification of four-wheel driving has not been utility but sentiment. A kind of glamour, hazy but as real as exhaust smoke, hangs over these ugly little machines. A man riding with his boot negligently dangling out the doorless side of a jeep has the look of one who has been to Anzio and is at the moment off to prospect for uranium. This heroic image has made 4WD owners and drivers out of a growing number of people who

got no closer to Hickam Field than two readings of James Jones and who have no more need for off-road mobility than your Aunt Katherine. Faced with this unsettling situation, wanting to be a jeepster but lacking any necessary reason for being one, some of these frustrated rough riders hit upon an eminently modern compromise. They made it a sport.

At the moment there are nearly 300 clubs organized to promote and practice what must incredibly be called pleasure 4WDing. This is a tentative figure, being revised upward almost daily. "Four-wheeling is the fastest-growing automotive sport in the world," claims Bob Ames, the earnest editor of *Four Wheeler* (circulation 21,000), a Tarzana, Calif. magazine devoted to this activity. Ames may not be the most unprejudiced 4WD authority in the world, but

—E. S. S. S.

apparently a few cold-blooded computers and consumer-analysis boys agree. Ford, for one, entered the 4WD market in 1965 with the Bronco.

Like so many faintly fantastic recreational phenomena, sport jeeping flourishes in California as it does nowhere else, the state having close to 100 of the country's 300 clubs. Resisting the temptation to cogitate on California's penchant for bizarre transportation—skate boards, balloons, Irish setter dog teams—there is one obvious explanation. From Death Valley to the High Sierras, California has the kind of terrain calculated to test a 4WD rig and inspire a driver along the lines of I-drove-from-that-glacier-to-that-sand-pit-in-second-gear-low-range-because-it-was-there. By way of negative proof of this geographical challenge-and-response theory, neither Oklahoma nor Indiana is blessed with a single 4WD club. After all, a man will strike an image more like that of Groucho Marx than John Wayne four-wheeling hell-for-leather through a flat cornfield that can be easily and comfortably crossed in a Volkswagen.

Not only is 4WDing getting big, it is continuing to evolve. For many enthusiasts jeeping is still in the primitive, lower-case sport state, *i.e.*, you and a few friends just hop on the old bucket seat and go rattling over some attractive-looking rocks. However, there is now a definite trend toward greater sophistication, or at least organization. Competition is raising its hot head, and with it have come rules, rubarbs, commercial sponsorship and some relatively big money. Four-wheel driving is, in fact, rapidly becoming a Sport in the full, formal and ferocious sense of the word.

One week not long ago I had an opportunity to make some joggly field notes on both strains of 4WDing, informal and organized. The week began with a just-for-the-hell-of-it trip into the Sierra with some Sacramento drivers. It ended at a place called Pismo Beach, 160 miles north of Los Angeles, where 400 vehicles raced for trophies across the sand dunes while various 4WD salesmen and promoters squabbled and connived.

Among the California 4WD clubs a group called the Sacramento Jeepers is one of the oldest (eight years), largest (65 vehicles in the herd) and most prestigious, having both an eight-puge constitution and, by reputation, the best mountain drivers in the state. Early one morning eight vehicles from this club assembled in the parking lot of a West Sacramento shopping center preparatory to heading off toward Baltimore Lake, which is high in the Sierra northwest of Donner Pass. Nine hours, 100 miles and three vertebrae later the caravan reached its destination. It proved to be a pretty place, with blue water, green meadows and snowy peaks all around, but scenery was of secondary interest to the Saco Jeepers. For them the main attraction of Baltimore Lake was that it is unconnected to any recognizable road and well removed from any known civilized point. This might be called the motivation of pleasure 4WDing.

In 4WD terms the Sacramento Jeepers are an exclusive outfit. Right in their constitution (Article III—Section 1) it makes it plain that they are segregated, membership being

restricted to owners of genuine "jeep" vehicles. By "jeep" the Saco Jeepers have in mind the same thing as does the Kaiser Jeep Corporation of Toledo, Ohio, which has published an entire brochure with the plot line that Jeep (big J please) is a registered trademark. The problem is that jeep (with a small j) has become a generic term for any 4WD utility rig. It's like you ask for a Coke and get a Pepsi. The big-J Kaiser Jeep people are very touchy about this. They don't want somebody to ask for a Jeep and have some clown sell them a Bronco.

Though modified with bobbed fenders, spare tires mounted on the rear rather than the side and roll bars (all for the sake of lessening chances of getting caught between a rock and a hard place), the Saco vehicles assembled in the parking lot of the shopping center looked more or less like big-J Jeeps. However, the resemblance was only skin-deep. Underneath the hoods they were like nothing that had come off an assembly line in Toledo or any other place. In the caravan the "Jeeps" were being pushed along by assorted Chevrolet, Rambler, Studebaker, Pontiac and Cadillac engines and hybrids thereof. There were also special overdrive systems, heavy-duty transmissions and something called Positraction, which apparently enables all four wheels to cling to the side of a cliff like a fly to a ceiling. An interminable mechanical symposium conducted throughout the weekend indicated that these refinements were just the beginning. There was a lot of talk about things that sounded like motorcycle carburetor, rebored engine and fuel-injection system. The endless tinkering, which is SOP for 4WD enthusiasts, is part of the sport. But it also has a practical aspect. To be brutally frank, most Saco drivers feel that factory models are seriously underpowered and overfragile for their type of driving. The consensus is that the Jeep frame is fairly satisfactory—lighter and stronger than competitive models—but otherwise needs considerable beefing and jazzing up before a man has a good backcountry moment.

Among 4WDers "four-banger" is a term used partly in derision, partly in affection (like "old gray mare"), to describe a stock flat-head, four-cylinder Jeep engine. In the contingent of Saco Jeepers there was only one true, unmodified four-banger, a 1942 military model recently purchased by Ken Hall, a bookbinder. A rash of overtime work had prevented him from performing the internal surgery that he felt his four-banger needed. On the Baltimore Lake trip Hall was approximately in the position of a man paddling a birchbark canoe in a flotilla of fiberglass and aluminum models.

"It's O.K., Ken," needed Al Bradley (Chevrolet V-8), "we all got good tow bars."

"Ed," asked Richie Devoreaux (Cadillac V-8), "I thought we had a rule that four-bangers had to start the night before in order to get there on time?" The question was addressed to Ed Dunkley, who for this trip had been appointed Jeepmaster. Jeepmaster means leader, organizer, but it also strikes a nice note, enabling one to forget supermarket parking lots and daydream about wagon trains rolling out

of Fort Bridger. Dunkley is the kind to uphold this image. A big, soft-spoken engineer who has spent a lot of time working and playing in the mountains, Dunkley has a wife, three children and three Jeeps, one of them a Jeepster, which in 4WD circles is now a classic car.

"Four-bangers forever," Hall responded defiantly before the Jeepmaster could rule on Devereaux's suggestion. "Wait till we get in the rocks. That's when driver skill counts. You drive a four-banger, not just tramp down on the juice and shut your eyes."

Eventually, after making sure no Toyotas were masquerading as big-J Jeeps, Jeepmaster Dunkley got the convoy rolling. The four-banger was placed near the front of the flock, like a tottery lamb being shepherd along by a pack of frisky shelties.

That morning, heading east on Interstate 80, one of everything on four wheels seemed to be moving, from Isettas to International Harvesters. However, once Dunkley led the Jeeps off the freeway, turning onto a secondary road just before reaching Donner Pass, the migratory automotive herd thinned out considerably. As the road turned into a Forest Service fire trail and grew progressively worse (from the standpoint of a conventional motorist), the Jeeps passed through and left behind the operative life zones of the Prehensile Trailer, the High-backed Pickup Camper and finally that of the Lesser 4WD Vehicle. Climbing a deep ravine, upon the safe side of which sat one last International Harvester Scout, Dunkley pressed on to a clearing above Meadow Lake, a favorite jeeps' rendezvous. Camping gear and one of the Dunkley Jeeps which had foundered were cached here. Also some of the most knowledgeable passengers—wives and children, experienced jeepwise—dismounted, electing to spend the day lolling about the exceedingly pleasant and sylvan Meadow Lake camp.

The seven remaining Jeeps headed out and up from this base along an overgrown game trail that twisted through the big firs. At about 8,500 feet this vague excuse of a path ended, coming out of the woods at timberline on a bare, pitted plateau, which was littered with slabs and boulders of granite. The high far scene—puffy clouds, dark evergreen forest sprawling up the mountains toward the snowfields—was scenically spectacular. The immediate prospect, the field of granite, was forbidding.

"Nice country," offered a novice passenger. "Like to see more. Too bad we can't go on."

This observation drew a round of ain't-he-n-card laughter. "This is where the real fun begins," said Ken Hall, giving his trusty four-banger a little pat on the flank.

The real fun began almost immediately, as Dunkley led the Jeeps on a traverse along the upper side of the jagged granite dike. Along this course, according to the somewhat miffed drivers, there was only one challenge of note, a V-shaped crevice, wider than a grease rack at the top, narrower than a sunken lane at the bottom. To negotiate this, the Jeepers drove far enough into the crack so that at least

two of their four wheels straddled it. Then at sort of a quarter fist, with passengers hanging on the up side like a catboat crew, they gunned ahead, clearing the chasm wall by a disgusting two inches.

Kenney Hall, watching all of this from his reined-in four-banger, apparently decided it was not real or fun-enough jeeping. He chose an alternate course, going straight up the side of a granite knob, which looked to be about as steep as the sides of the bear pit at the Washington, D.C. zoo. At the foot of this "incline" was a loose pile of cantaloupe-size granite pebbles. Hall backed off and churned through the scree, hitting the side of the granite ridge with all four wheels moving well. Then things got a little tricky. Ugly-looking blocks, outcroppings, chips of granite and erosion pits were scattered all over the slope and seemed to dictate evasive action on Hall's part. However, this was difficult, since the knob was not only steep but tilted sharply. Like any other creatures on four wheels, Jeeps move badly sideways and, in fact, if pushed too hard in a lateral direction have been known to roll over and play dead. The trick of up-and-down jeeping is, therefore, to do just that, move up and down, avoiding side slips. Diagnosing his play, Hall chose a collision rather than a capsizing course. Pointing the four-banger's nose toward the sky above the ridge, he pressed on vigorously, mulching the boulders he did not climb. About 50 feet from the top he met up with a triangular-shaped doornack. Rising in the stirrups—jeeps drive at a high post, standing on the clutch rather than sitting on the seat—Hall made a prodigious leap at the obstacle, but his Jeep was overmatched by about three inches. It came down on the rock with a loud crunch and hung there, sky showing under three of its wheels.

Rather than rushing off to the nearest AAA center for help, the other Saco Jeepers watching from the top of the ridge seemed delighted with their friend's apparent disaster. "High-centered, High Center Hall," someone cheered.

"Four-bangers forever," Hall yelled back almost as if in triumph. "At least we made a run at it. We didn't take that freeway over there."

This utter undimay proved to be justified. Getting high-centered, *i.e.*, hung up as helplessly as a turtle on a milk bottle, is, as it turned out, a fairly common penalty for which the Saco Jeepers are fully prepared. The soft, mechanical underbellies of their rigs are protected from serious internal injury by armor plate. Also most of the Jeeps have winches mounted on the frame, handy dandy little gadgets without which there would be a lot more Jeeps derelict in backcountry gulches.

Dismounting to make certain he was truly and properly high-centered, Hall called for a line. A heavy hook, followed by Al Bradley's winch cable, came clattering down the granite. His Jeep blocks against a boulder, Bradley began to pull like the Elephant's Child, and shortly Hall's four-banger came off the pinnacle on which it was hung.

(Later in the day there was a piece of winch work that made this rescue look like lifting a child's wagon over a

continued

doorsill. Coming out of a scree-filled ravine, Jeep A not only got high-centered but was sharply tilted, with nothing much between it and the bottom of the pit except a small clump of skunk cabbage. Jeep A's winch was hooked onto the rear of Jeep B, which was farther up the slope. However, the second vehicle was in too precarious a position to hold against the pull. Thereupon Jeep C, on flat, i.e., flatter ground above, winched onto B, heaved and served as the anchor for hauling the two others out.)

This in essence is all there is to informal four-wheel driving, at least as practiced by the Saco Jeeps. First you hunt up an impossible-looking cliff, hole or bog. Then drivers egg each other on with the barely suppressed hope that somebody won't make it. If first appearances and hopes prove true, if the place is impossible, if a Jeep or two doesn't make it, then everybody pitches in for an hour or so of hard labor to get the loser loose. Saco Jeeps, like mountain climbers, seldom stray more than a cable-length apart, and for the same reason—mutual assistance. One of

the club boasts is that they have never had to leave a Jeep, or at least all of a Jeep, in the mountains. They do admit that occasionally a spavined critter has been towed a piece—100 miles or so.

Damagewise, getting in and out of Baltimore Lake was fairly tame. The seven Jeeps between them collected a broken shock absorber, frozen clutch, torn exhaust and collapsed spring, plus a cracked bell housing and a flat tire (which was repaired and then ingeniously refilled by grunting it an air transference from a full spare). Rather than being elated at the relatively trouble-free trip the Saco Jeeps were somewhat embarrassed, since fast work with wrenches and welders is regarded as part of the real fun.

"We're all taking off for Pismo Beach Thursday night," Al Jensen explained apologetically. "We can't do much in the competition. It's different driving in the sand—we're rigged for the mountains—but we at least want to be running. That's why we've sort of been dodging the real rough stuff."

In a scene reminiscent of "Lawrence of Arabia," jeeps of all breeds line the strip at Pismo Beach to watch the drag race competition.



The only appropriate comment seemed to be "Thank God for Pismo Beach."

Pismo Beach is the generic name for a string of little resorts, 10 miles south of San Luis Obispo, which are wedged in between the Pacific and an immense, 20-square-mile tract of shifting sand called the Nipomo Dunes. The sand is white and fine. The wind is west and forever, filling everything from crankcases to dental chairs with gritty effluvia. For 40 miles up and down Highway 1 commercial boardings proclaim this area to be the clam-digging and beach-buggy capital of the world. During the three days a year when the dunes are used by the California State Association of Four-Wheel Drive Clubs, Inc. for its statewide rally, the Pismo Beach region can make an even more extraordinary claim. During that period it is the clam-digging, beach-buggy and jeep-racing capital of the world, a real triple feature of minor-minor sports.

As Al Jensen had indicated, sand four-wheel driving is considerably different from that done in the mountains.

In the Sierra the objective is to dig down hard on the unyielding rocks and wiggle between them. To do this, mountain jeeps, run on relatively narrow, hard rubber, are bob-tailed and stripped of all projecting gadgets. In the sand the goal is to float on top of the surface rather than press down hard against it. Big tires (11-inchers) in which the pressure is reduced to three pounds are customary. Since there are no obstacles more formidable than overturned beer cans, engines developing enormous straight-ahead thrust can be installed, and there is no reason to strip all the fancy gewgaws off the frame. Jeeps used in the sand and in general in open southern California country are less lean, less dented than those of the northern mountaineers. They are louder, chromier and gaudier and so, for that matter, are the flatland drivers.

At Pismo Beach the drivers from Hemet (halfway between Los Angeles and Palm Springs), who have the reputation of being the most fiercely competitive in the California Association, were good examples of the southern sub-

continued



species. Even with 400 four-wheel drivers churning about the dunes, the Hemets were conspicuous. Night or day, on the move or lounging on plastic ice chests, they wore their bowling-league-type shirts with the club insignia, shades (Californese for sunglasses) and crash helmets. They congregated around large, roaring engines.

"We got the juice [speed], we got the meat [big, fat sand tires]," said one heavy-jowled young Hemet, speaking from behind a dangling cigarette as he gave his considered opinion of the upcoming competition. "And we'll get the trophies, too," he added. He was quite right. Among many lesser awards, a Hemet won the all-events title.

As a competitive sport 4WD racing is heavily derivative. At the Pismo Rally there was drag racing after the fashion of hot rodders, except that the drag strip was simply a swath of loose sand in which a conventional dragster would have sunk to the gills. The rally included hill climbing, borrowed from motorcyclists, and an obstacle course laid out along the lines of a ski or canoe slalom. Pismo-style competition was not universally popular among the assembled four-wheel drivers. Again the division was along north-south lines. "The trouble with the sand," said Al Jensen, "is that it doesn't test the drivers. It's all the machines—how much money you can spend on them. Those big tires are 300 bucks a set, and all they're good for is to run dunes. Those hot rods wouldn't last half a day in the Sierra."

(Later events proved that the mountaineers' antisand stand was not entirely sour grapes. Of the four trophies won by the Saeco Jeeps, three—including one each by Al Jensen and his wife Judy—were taken in the obstacle race, generally conceded to put more emphasis on driving skill than brute mechanical strength.)

"This Pismo Beach Rally is a good place to meet old friends, but it is not typical Jeeping—too specialized," said Ken Smith, a trucking executive who, though president of the statewide association, is from Stockton and reflects the northern viewpoint. "There's a rig down here the boy is supposed to have put \$20,000 into. It'll do 110 on a quarter-mile drag. We're watching money climb these dunes, not jeeps."

Whatever they were watching, a crowd of a couple of thousand four-wheeled it back into the dunes for the two-day competition. It was a colorful scene and setting. On the dunes 20-foot fish poles, like wands bearing flags, were mounted on the vehicles. The purpose of the flags was to serve as warning devices, to prevent four-wheel drivers, coming from opposite directions over the lip of a dune, from meeting head on. The effect of all the multicolored little vehicles scooting over the white sand with pennants flying was vaguely *Cumulet* or *Lawrence of Arabia*.

In general, however, the thrills of 4WD race watching are largely reserved for those with very specialized information about the personalities or machinery involved. Can the seion of an Imperial Valley asparagus king, driving a 289 Cobra, take a self-made plumbing contractor in a 283 Chev-

rolet fuel-injection job? For the untutored spectator, jeep racing rates not much better than bowling and considerably lower than watching seven Jeeps scramble in an uncompetitive, exasperaneous way down granite cliffs to Baltimore Lake. The trouble is that the whole program is just a bit repetitious. There is a certain amount of say-it-an't-so-Joe astonishment in watching one, two or even three Jeeps, sand spurting from under their four wheels, charge up a perpendicular dune. However, the thrill wears thin (O.K., it is so—so what?) after the 75th jeep has had a go at the same hill. The sustaining drama of the Pismo Rally was provided by just the sort of thing Ken Smith had warned against—watching money try to climb the hills, roar down the drag strip and career around the obstacle course.

Reflecting the increased interest in four-wheel driving and the potential market, commercial money showed up for the first time in big wads at Pismo. There were salesmen driving Jeeps equipped so as to push brands X, Y and Z overdrive systems, transmissions and tires. An eight-man Toyota task force was on hand, and for a time a Ford crew, showing off two of the then still unreleased Broncos. This unit provided the principal mystery of the rally. During the morning before the races the Broncos were very much on display in the dunes, but by afternoon, when the competition started, they were gone. "Who knows why they left," shrugged a stocky, free-lance driver who, rumor had it, was to have been up on a Bronco. "There was some talk about maybe I'd try one out, but maybe they figured they weren't ready for competition. Maybe that's it, huh?"

There was no maybe, no mystery about the biggest money outfit at Pismo, a Kaiser Jeep factory team, which came in force and came to run. On hand were the K.J. western sales manager, O. H. Vandeputte, half a dozen technical types and a driver, Dick Gibson, imported from Denver. The K.J. people arrived on the dunes in a service truck, a gleaming Wagoneer, and in their mechanical star, a V-6, which was making its competitive debut. This is a new model, widely advertised as possessing more "funpower" but put on the market, so knowing 4WDers claim, to counteract the "no power" knock against Jeeps.

Despite the fact that the vast majority of 4WD rigs in the dunes were at least modified big-J Jeeps, there was a strong and obvious current of I-hope-they-get-theirs hostility directed against the K.J. team. It seemed to rise in part from the suspicion that Vandeputte and his men were not out in the sand for the pure love of sport ("Jeep!" said the president of one California club in disgust. "Two years ago we begged them for some help with a rally. They couldn't be bothered. Now Ford's going to make 40,000 Broncos, so Jeep's talking loyalty. Big deal. They're scared, is all.") Also the Jeep crew looked a bit too slick, too ready, as if, along with all the other gear, they had brought along a box to pack trophies.

"We're primarily here to display the V-6," said Vandeputte, an articulate, affable, if beleaguered, salesman, disclaiming any deviousness. "We are very proud of this job

continued

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"How come you need to bring that pro all the way from Colorado just to exhibit?" persisted a Jeep-baiter.

"Dick Gibson?" Vandeputte laughed. "He's in the automotive supply business. He drives some but just as a hobby—like you people. We got him interested in how the V-6 is going to perform. He's no pro."

"Then how come that monkey suit?" Gibson was wearing a sky-blue jump suit, upon the back of which the Kaiser Jeep logo was prominently displayed, a white crash helmet bearing the same insignia and cowboy boots without advertising.

"Hell, man, he's got to wear something," snapped a thinner-skinned Jeep underling before Vandeputte could field the question.

Monkey suit and hobby interests aside, Dick Gibson had an attention-getting style and appearance. A slight, lithe, western-looking man, he would fit the lead role in a Billy the Kid epic. Under the cowl of his racing helmet was a striking face: above a thin, almost delicate mouth was set a pair of narrow, hard, cold eyes which, despite two days of almost constant provocation at Pismo, seldom changed expression or even seemed to blink. Whatever his arrangement with Kaiser Jeep, Gibson had a most professional look.

The drags, the first competition, were run off in a jeep-against-jeep elimination series. In the V-6-class things started badly for Gibson, who, in fact, did not start at all. Missing a shift, he was left at the line, while his opponent went thundering down the strip.

"Bad break," said the unflappable Vandeputte. "We've been having trouble with that clutch. Too bad, because we wanted the crowd to see the V-6 in action."

The effect of this low-pressure statement was somewhat undercut by the fact that while it was being made another Jeep man was complaining heatedly to the officials that Gibson's opponent had made a false start. While Gibson waited, expressionless behind the wheel, the claim was debated and finally allowed, to the considerable displeasure of the crowd. Gibson, on the second try, beat his man and went on to the semifinals. There he was matched against John Ruffoni, another professional-looking hobbyist, a Santa Maria real-estate operator who had put a spare \$11,000 into his emphatically unstock Buick V-6 Jeep. In the words of a Hemet Club connoisseur, Ruffoni "wiped out that pretty factory boy."

Even though the V-6 showed up the next morning in a set of sand tires that would be hard to find in most showrooms, Ruffoni did not improve for Kaiser Jeep at the hill climb. Ruffoni again won the class, with Gibson a bad fourth. This event involves a vehicle taking a run at a sheer

wall of sand and trying to scale it or at least get farther up than his competitors. Each driver was given two tries per round, low man on the dune being eliminated. After three jeeps had gone over the top, Gibson on both his last tries clawed within inches of the crest before having to back ignominiously down the hill while the crowd booed.

"Give it to it, Dickie," a K.J. engineer screamed emotionally as Gibson made his last run. "Goddamn it, but it, second overdrive, Dick, second overdrive. Damn it all, what's he in?"

"I tried it both ways, second direct, second overdrive," Gibson explained later to a ring of Kaiser Jeep men. "It



Sensational by flying sand, a driver blasts his Jeep, equipped with 11-inch tires, through the Pismo Beach dunes.

didn't have it either way," he said, and the narrow eyes remained expressionless.

In the final competition, the obstacle run, Ruffoni himself was wiped out by a Hemet hot rodder, but that was no consolation for the bedraggled factory team. Gibson finished far down in the field.

With this final failure it would have seemed, if there is such a thing as compassion in the universe, that the big-J Jeep crew was in line for a good break or two. Apparently, however, the laws of average, justice and mercy had been suspended at Pismo Beach. Two loads of Saco Jeeps were among the last to leave the obstacle course, having remained behind for the fun of jeeping. Climbing the last long, high dune inland from the beach, they came upon a sad sight, the hard-luck factory team, dismounted, poking around in the innards of their conked-out Wagoneer. The Wagoneer had no horsepower whatsoever, and the Jeep men did not look as though they were having much sport. They looked, in fact, like men who have had a very long, hard day at the shop and were contemplating longer and harder ones.

True to the code of the hills, the Saco drivers pulled to a halt and, after a little tinkering, resuscitated the Wagoneer. Nobody was so heartless as to yell, "Four-bangers forever."

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

Conference races have barely begun, yet there remain just two undefeated teams in the country, Kentucky and Texas Western. Since most of the major preconference games are interconferences, this indicates a continuing, welcome trend toward nationwide balance of power. Western is an independent; Kentucky meets SEC favorite Vanderbilt next Saturday.

THE EAST 1 ST. JOSEPH'S (9-0) 2 PROVIDENCE (9-0) 3 SYRACUSE (8-1)

While St. Joseph's was destroying Temple 97-65 in Philadelphia's Quaker City tournament (page 29), some 10,000 who crowded into New York's Madison Square Garden for the three-day Holiday Festival came away convinced that Providence's Jimmy Walker was college basketball's newest superstar. Rarely has one player so dominated an entire tournament. Whether he was dribbling his opponent into a one-on-one situation and then scoring with deft fakes and an unstoppable, wriggling jump shot or passing off with amazing speed and accuracy, Walker was simply superb. His 29

points and quick little jumper at the end got the Friars past NYU 79-76. He scored 39 as coach Bill Blair's tap-in overtook Illinois 81-79 in the first seconds. But he saved his best game for last. In the title match against Boston College, which earlier had beaten Colorado State 86-64 and Army 92-85, he just kept coming at the Eagles with his slick moves and shots until he had 50 points—to tie Oscar Robertson's Festival record—and Providence had a 91-86 victory. Boston College's 6-foot-8 Willie Wollers, whose stout rebounding and hook shots (for 26 points) had kept the Eagles in the game, said sadly, "It was frustrating to know he had the ball, was going to score, and yet you couldn't do anything about it."

In other holiday tournaments, UCLA took Brown 83-63 in the Kodak City Classic at Rochester while Drake beat Holy Cross 65-52 in the Queen City at Buffalo.

THE WEST 1 UCLA (7-0) 2 SAN FRANCISCO (6-0) 3 BRIGHAM YOUNG (6-0)

Curiously, UCLA never once went to its famed zone press, even when mediocre Louisiana State challenged the Bruins in the opening round of the Los Angeles Classic. The Uclans won all right: 95-89, but Coach Johnny Wooden's strategists raised an eyebrow or two. The reason, however, was quite obvious when the Bruins played Purdue: Wooden had a new wrinkle ready for the unsuspecting Hoosiers. Mike Lynn and Doug McInish, the agile giants with killer instinct, were still up front to counter the inbounds pass, but big leaper Edgar Lacey was now playing opposite little Mike Warren, and Kenny Washington was the new safety man in the 2-2-1 zone press. The result was devastating. Under the zone's attack Purdue quickly lost its pulse and then the ball game 82-70. In the final against old rival Southern California, a 74-72 surprise winner over unbeaten Vanderbilt, the blitzing Uclans forced the Trojans into 17 turnovers in the first half alone and smothered them 94-76. Washington, playing guard, hit 10 of 11 field-goal tries and scored 23 points. Even Wooden was impressed. "We're coming along fast," he admitted.

Although Syracuse failed to survive the

opening round in Los Angeles, losing to Vanderbilt 113-98, Dave Strack, a little jump shooter with marvellous moves, was the hit of the tournament. He scored 46 points against Vandy, 25 at SYRACUSE trounced Northwestern 105-75 in the consolation semifinal, and 38 when the Orange beat St. John's 113-97 for fifth place. He earned the tourney's Most Valuable Player award.

Michigan's Dave Strack was depressed when his Wolverines lost to ARIZONA STATE 89-87 in the opening round of the Far West Classic in Portland, Ore. But Strack should have known that this is one tournament Oregon State always wins. The hall-control Beavers beat Air Force 51-42, Arizona State 56-46 and Stanford 62-46 to take the title for the 10th straight year.

SAN FRANCISCO was also winner in the West Coast AC tournament, beating Santa Clara 76-65, Pacific 76-61 and Santa Barbara 86-79. WAITE defeated TEXAS 95-80 and Arizona 79-74 in the home-town American Legion Invitational while NEW MEXICO smashed Tulane 78-56 and Idaho 99-81 in the Lobo Invitational at Albuquerque. TULSA and St. Louis, two Missouri Valley teams, fought it out in Honolulu's Rainbow Classic. The Haggardians won 70-64.

THE MIDWEST 1 BRADLEY (16-1) 2 IOWA (8-1) 3 KANSAS (8-2)

It figured. In a season when unbeaten teams were fast becoming as rare as the two-handed set shot, INDIANA, a Big Ten squad going nowhere, suddenly upset undefeated Bradley 104-87. The Hoosiers just ran and ran, Butch Joyner, Gary Greger and 6-foot 9-inch sophomore Center Dick Schrupp shot and shot some more (for 71 points) and the Braves' 10-game streak went down the drain.

Meanwhile, a couple of dark horses were feeling their oats in the Midwest. LOVELA of Chicago caught weary Minnesota at the end of a long, hard week and beat the Gophers 82-69 for its seventh straight victory. And, shades of the Big O, CINCINNATI was again playing like a challenger for the national championship. The Bearcats slowed down unbeaten Utah's first break to a walk and trounced the Redskins 84-66, then they smothered Wake Forest 117-87 as slender Roland West poured in 39 points.

The question bothering everybody in the Big Eight tournament in Kansas City was how to stop KANSAS' 6-foot-11 Walt Wesley. Kansas State's 7-foot-1 Nick Pato played him one-on-one, and Wesley got 24 points as the Jayhawkers went 69-63, Iowa State triple-teamed him and he scored 20, so Kansas won 73-56. Then surprising MARIANNA, in the finals for the first time in 20 years after beating Missouri 69-67 and Oklahoma 92-79, finally found a way. The Huskers surrounded Wesley with the sixers movement—muscular Coley Webb, a



PERFECT BLOCK by Mike Lynn foils shot by USC's Jim Marsh (51) in Los Angeles Classic final game. Resurgent UCLA won easily 94-76.

"NEXT TRIP, TRY
HAWAII
 FOR GOLF
 It's perfection"

By Hal Wood, Sports Editor, The Honolulu Advertiser. Former Western Sports Editor for United Press International

For 20 years I've roamed the world looking for a golfer's paradise. I didn't find it until I settled in Hawaii—the paradise of the Pacific.

During the past two decades I've played golf in nearly every major city in the western half of the United States, plus many foreign countries. But it's an entirely new experience playing the grand old game in Hawaii.

The 50th state has the variety that all golfers look for—plus the world's finest golfing weather.

There are beautiful ocean courses, such as Waialae Country Club in Honolulu, scene of the 550,000 Hawaiian Open this fall; Mauna Kea on the island of Hawaii, or the Royal Kaaunapali on Maui, where the 1964 Canada Cup matches were played.

There are lush inland courses with tropical mountain settings, such as Oahu Country Club. Or you might enjoy playing the Hawaii Country Club in central Oahu—where the sweet scent of the surrounding pineapple fields hangs in the air.

You can spend a never-to-be forgotten vacation here playing a different course every day. Or, if you wish, you can play two courses a day, each on a



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On the jewel-like island of Kauai, known as the "Garden Isle," there is the Wailua golf course—rated by many of the greatest golfers as the best-kept, most beautifully maintained municipal links in the world.

On Oahu, only a few minutes from down-town Honolulu, are such great service lay-outs as the Navy-Marine course and the Kaneohe Clipper course—both with championship specifications and set in beautiful sea and mountain settings, with the usual swaying palms.

Golf in Hawaii is played at a relaxing pace under the most perfect of conditions. It is a year 'round sport with temperatures nearly always in the mid-seventies, accompanied by a soft breeze.

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Or visit the Royal Kaaunapali with its all-embracing Polynesian charm. Nine holes surrounded by sugar fields against a mountain back-drop; the next nine holes along the ocean.

Both Mauna Kea and the Royal Kaaunapali can be stretched to more than 7,000 yards—rugged for the very best golfers.

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For information and reservations, write Jackson Hole Ski Corp., Dept. 37A, Teton Village, Jackson Hole, Wyoming, Gordon Wren, General Manager

BASKETBALL'S WEEK

inches shorter, played behind him and another defender constantly sagged off to help on the ball side—and he got only eight points. But stopping Del Lewis, a 6-foot-1 guard with a bombight outside shot, was another matter. When Lewis was not flipping in long-range jumpers—for 24 points—he was making himself a general nuisance to the harassed Huskers. At the same time, the Jayhawkers, too slow to play a full-court press, pressed relentlessly at half-court and the Huskers succumbed 71-61. "When you get discouraged," said Kansas Coach Ted Owens, "it's a player like Lewis who picks you up."

William & Mary tried a slowdown against DETROIT in the Motor City final, and about all it did was hold down the score. David Murray scored 26 points and snared 18 rebounds as the Titans won 80-65.

THE SOUTHWEST 1. OKLAHOMA CITY (9-5) 2. TEXAS WESTERN (10-4) 3. HOUSTON (14-0)

OKLAHOMA CITY's folksy Abe Lemons is one coach who wants his players resting and gunning and never mind the deep thinking. The more they prance and dance up and down the court the better Abe likes it. So, naturally, he was delighted when Jerry Lee Wells, Jimmy (Weasel) Ware, Charley (Big Game) Hunter and the other swift Chiefs raced off to beat Bowling Green 103-77 and Rhode Island 80-89 in the first two rounds of the All-College Tournament in Oklahoma City. But against Virginia Tech, a tough team that had reached the final by ball-bawking Texas A&M to death 101-74 and upsetting Wichita State 91-90 in the last seconds, Oklahoma City reverted to a most unlikely tactic. After Wells, who scored 30 points, and the elusive Ware, who picked off 19 rebounds, got the Chiefs a 90-86 lead with 5:04 to go, they suddenly went into a stall. While Oklahoma City fiddled, the frustrated Gobblers fouled, and the Chiefs took the game 99-90. Abe Lemons, however, was not exactly ecstatic. "We had trouble keeping things going," he complained, "but I guess I can't knock the way it turned out."

Hardly anyone, except for a few loyal home-town boosters, figured TEXAS WESTERN had a chance against Iowa when the two unbeaten teams got together in the Sun Carnival final at El Paso. But the determined Miners cut off Iowa's last break with some tenacious defending, the Hawkeyes did not get a field goal for 10½ minutes and Texas Western led 40-19 at half time. That did it. Nevil Shred put in 17 points for the Miners, four Hawkeyes fouled out and Texas Western won easily 88-68.

One visitor to the Southwest had better luck. MIAMI OF Ohio, a Mid-American confederer, whipped Rutgers 80-69 and host Arkansas State 81-81 in the Arkansas State Invitational at Jonesboro.

THE SOUTH 1. DUKE (9-4) 2. KENTUCKY (9-6) 3. VANDERBILT (10-0)

It is abundantly clear that when the Atlantic Coast race gets going in earnest next will be the team to beat. But the Blue Devils had Coach Vic Bubas wondering for a while last week. Obviously rusty after a 10-day lay-off, they stumbled around like the jayvces before getting together to beat Notre Dame 95-73. They were a little sharper against Wake Forest, Bob Verga shot in 28 points, and the Blue Devils won 92-76. Still, Bubas was not happy. "We had to use the prev," he pointed out.

MARYLAND, disappointing until now, may yet give Duke a run for the title. The Terps were hardly overwhelming in the Sugar Bowl, but they did beat Houston 69-68 and then handed Dayton its first defeat 77-75. Two other ACC contenders had their troubles. NORTH CAROLINA looked good enough to be a challenger while hosting past Princeton 75-61 and touring Utah 90-85, but then WEST VIRGINIA tumbled the Tar Heels 102-97. It was not just that the Mountaineers won, it was the way they did it. While Carl Head and Ron Williams bombed away for 25 points apiece, West Virginia covered Carolina's sharpshooter, Bobby Lewis, with a bow-and-one and held him to 12 points. NORTH CAROLINA STATE managed to get by West Virginia 94-77, but then the Wolfpack was trapped by UTAH 85-72.

KENTUCKY also got a shot at Notre Dame, and the Wildcats looked good enough to put a sky grin on Coach Adolph Rupp's weathered face. With 18,000 unaccountably jammed into Louisville's Freedom Hall for the game, the Wildcats poured in on the poor Irish 103-69 as Pat Riley fired in 36 points and Louie Dumper scored 26.

LOUISVILLE came out of the Hurricane Clinic in Miami with its pride hurt but a winner nevertheless. The Cards, after outscoring Georgia Tech 84-48 in a slowdown, barely caught Miami 85-84 in overtime on Wade Houston's long jumper at the buzzer. Back home, Louisville beat St. Louis 84-80 as big Wevley Uncel got 29 points and 22 rebounds.

DePauw's affable Ray Meyer lost his composure—and his unbeaten record—in the Gator Bowl at Jacksonville. Aroused by referees' calls that cost his Blue Demons three players on fouls and the game to FLORIDA 72-64, Meyer screamed, "This is ridiculous. You invite us to a tournament and then have this kind of officiating." It was no comfort to Meyer, of course, but ARIZONA STATE, another visitor, edged Alabama 68-66 and Florida 54-52 to take the title.

NAVY shook up Davidson, 65-60, in the Charlotte Invitational, but the Midlens were no match for PRINCETON in the final and lost 62-47.

END



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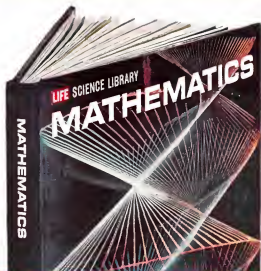
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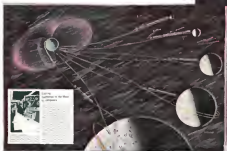
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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

NONSPORTSMAN

Sirs:

I hope John Steinbeck never attempts to write an article on sports, for it would be impossible to improve upon the excellence of his letter on why he can't (*Then Mr. 4th*) *Gloved Up*, Dec. 20). Big John for Sportsman of Any Year!

GEORGE MICHUM

Newton, Mass.

Sirs:

Mr. Steinbeck's article was great because he made us realize the true importance of athletics; that courage in sports should be carried over to daily life.

JOHN GARTLAND

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Thank you for the Christmas gift from John Steinbeck. If racing is the sport of kings, his article was surely the king of sports opinions—a wonderful, refreshing and awakening event that proves the sport of sports is "to each his own."

JOAN EVANSRHE

New York City

THE BEERS

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake somehow got the idea that Buffalo had no chance against the "blitz-knug" offense of San Diego in the AFL title game (*Another Day for San Diego*, Dec. 20). That offense managed to get the ball inside Buffalo's 30-yard line on just one occasion. Shrake's predictions thus put him about on the level with Tex Maule whose knowledge of the game enabled him to pick Baltimore by a substantial margin over Cleveland in last year's NFL championship game.

If Shrake had understood that games are really won by such cliché things as "team effort," "spirit" and "pride," he might better comprehend how "last year San Diego had the better team but lost 20-7" and this year, although "the San Diego offense is good for three touchdowns or more," they managed to get shut out.

JOHN SPIKAS

Buffalo

Sirs:

Edwin Shrake forgot one important factor: the Buffalo Bills are a team with a great amount of pride.

PAUL SCHLAU

Buffalo

Sirs:

You made an error in lauding San Diego's defense and almost completely overlooking

Buffalo's. By shutting out San Diego, Buffalo's defense set an AFL championship record.

LLOYD BERMAN

Brookline, Mass.

Sirs:

May I point out to the many eager critics of Tex Maule that this year Mr. Maule, the most knowledgeable writer on pro football in the U.S., picked the teams that finished first and second in both divisions of the National Football League?

LINDA MORRIS

Chicago

BURNING BRIGHT

Sirs:

In the several years I have been reading *SI* for I should say, more and more of *SI*, for I began by reading Alfred Wright on golf and have progressed with your guidance to the point where even pro football interests me! I cannot recall a story more exquisite, more magical than Virginia Kraft's *In the Land of the Tiger* (Dec. 20). Thank you for an added delight in this holiday season.

BETTY KAYS JORDAN

Highland Park, Ill.

Sirs:

Has your fine magazine decided to enlarge its coverage beyond the tops of sports—or are we to conclude that you regard it as a form of "sport" when the idle rich have to hire half of the elephants and personnel on the whole continent of Asia to do in one tiger?

Somehow even as death this truly magnificent animal seems the only noble creature in the story.

GEORGE C. TETTER

Lewiston, Me.

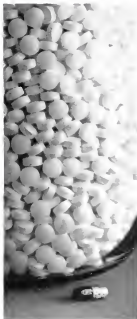
NO QUARTER

Sirs:

It appears to me that there is a trend in pro football to get the quarterback. While I concede that football is a game of hitting, the idea of hitting to maim should be ruled out of the game. Not only has the apparently legitimate whopaw of Johnny Unitas ruined the season, if not the career, of today's greatest player, it destroyed the championship hopes of his team and deprived the fans of the privilege of seeing the best. Y. A. Little said, in his story in *SI* (*Life in Pro Football*, Aug. 16 *et seq.*), that all it took to destroy a quarterback was an at-the-knee tackle when he was set to throw.

I suggest that the rules be modified to the extent that it be illegal for an opposing player to tackle a quarterback below the

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10TH HOLE

want unless he chooses to run and has crossed the line of scrimmage. Further, a passer should be given somewhat the same protection, after he has thrown the ball, that a punter receives after he has kicked it.

Believe me, I have much respect for Alex Karras, who chose to smother a pass rather than take a cheap shot at Unnas when he had the chance. Let the fans see the spectacle of football at its finest and leave the mauling to that other so-called sport of boxing.

CHARLES H. BIRDSONG

Mendota, Miss.

IN SHORT

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI for belatedly saying what some skiers have known for years (*It Pays to Have the Shorts*, Dec. 13). Short skis are certainly easier to learn on and to ski on than the 7-foot monsters arbitrarily forced upon beginners.

After 20 off-and-on years of trying to master long skis, I was coerced into trying 5-foot short skis by "Mr. Shorter" himself, Cliff Taylor. That was at Poronito, Chile, and on the third trial run I suddenly sprouted wings on my feet and, for the first time, skied down a steep fall line. Since then I have been on nothing longer than 165 cm. (5½ feet), and this type of ski has earned me not only down the Andes but the Austrian Alps, Alaska's Alyeska, and most western mountains.

Somewhat, when you see the slopes covered with happy short-skiers, you wonder why it is taking our ski schools so long to woe up. After all, spinning heels made every angle an expert's caster, and light, short surfboards triggered the surfing boom.

ELMER BAXTER

Los Angeles

ROOTER ROOTERS

Sirs:

As a native St. Louisan now living in Oshkosh, I enjoyed Joe Jares' soccer article, *Local Boy's Make Fans Good* (Dec. 13). It's good to see a national magazine give due credit to a sport that carries a sort of "sacredness" in St. Louis.

BROTHER HERBIE BERNARD, F.S.C.
Oshkosh, Wis.

Sirs:

My heartiest congratulations! More people, young and old, of all nationalities, live for, die for, suffer for, watch, participate in, bet on, read about or talk about soccer than follow the rest of our modern sports combined. It is indeed unfortunate that America is so poorly represented in this game, aside from the few outstanding college powers mentioned in your article.

MIKE WYCK

Toledo, Ohio

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